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The American Mercury

Goebbels Framed the Hitler-Stalin Pact

By ELIZABETH KNAUST

Formerly of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry

REVOLUTION CAME TO HOLLYWOOD

By William Bledsoe

Chicago, City of Corruption . . . . . *Ted Leitzell*
Men Who Rule Britain . . . . . *Alfred Duff Cooper*
The Slump in American Writing . . . . . *Philip Rahv*
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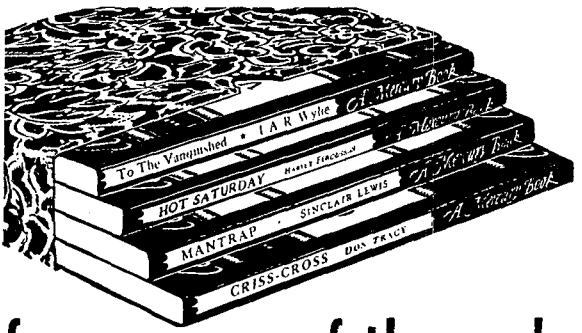

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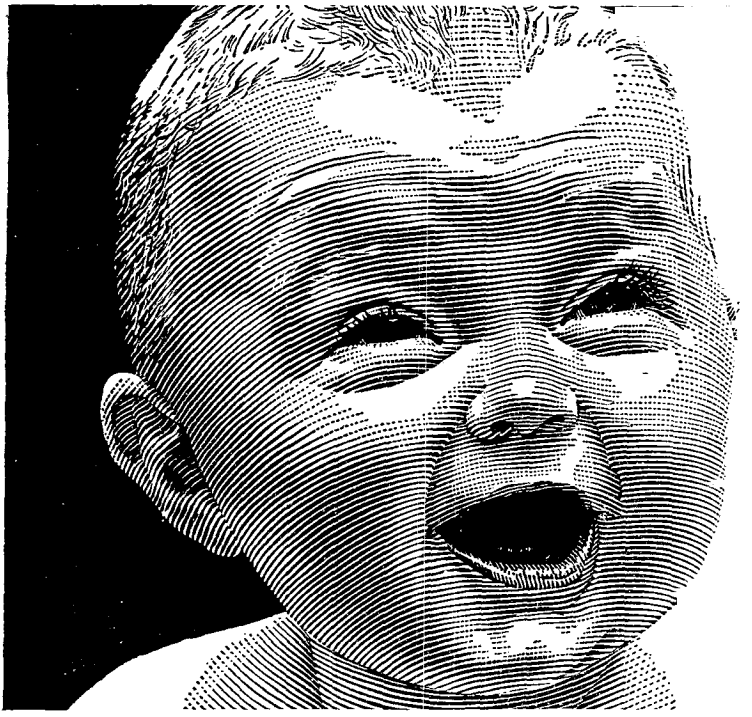

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VOLUME XLIX FEBRUARY, 1940 NUMBER 194

The American
MERCURY

GOEBBELS FRAMED THE STALIN PACT

By Elizabeth Knaust

I am one of the few who helped Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels lay the groundwork for the Russo-German treaty of August 23, 1939. For more than three years, while the German press boiled with hatred of Soviet Russia, a group of selected, trusted employees of Sections 7 and 4 of the German Propaganda Ministry, myself among them, were working in a completely different direction. Our work bore fruit in the pact that shook the world.

The existence of Section 7 was a closely guarded secret. Its function was to conduct Nazi propaganda abroad and to counteract the so-called *Luegenpropaganda*, or lying campaigns, against the Nazis abroad. One morning in the summer of 1935 Counsellor Hasenoerl, chief of the Section, sent me an order for all the material in my files pertaining to Russia. I was then working in the secret archives as one of seven confidential librarians. We were responsible for the hundreds of thousands of documents, letters, intelligence reports, and newspaper clippings which poured in from ambassadors, foreign envoys, consuls, spies, and the Ministry's own foreign agencies. Under separate headings were kept records of practically every country of the world — even the smallest and most remote. Each general file was subdivided into forty-three separate headings: Foreign Relations, Finances, Domestic Politics, and so on. Propaganda was gathered in a gargantuan section with special subdivisions for pro-Nazi

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and anti-Nazi propaganda. Nothing that happened anywhere on earth remained a secret from the librarians in the basement of the Propaganda Ministry.

When Counsellor Hasenoerl asked for a particular file we knew something was in the wind. A few months earlier, he had asked for the Italian file, and soon the foundation for the Rome-Berlin Axis was laid. The Nazis' pro-Japanese orientation was preceded by a telephone call asking for our Japanese files. The sudden interest in the Soviet Union did not surprise us. Scores of documents in the files revealed that the German Army had never given up hope of Russo-German reconciliation as the necessary prerequisite to Nazi-Soviet military co-operation. Later I learned that responsible Army leaders had won Dr. Goebbels to their plan during a meeting in the house of Field Marshal von Blomberg, then War Minister of the Reich and still in Hitler's favor. Blomberg was one of the best German experts on Russian affairs and a staunch advocate of rapprochement. His task was facilitated by conciliatory speeches made by Soviet statesmen. In 1935, Premier Molotoff spoke of "possible friendship" with Germany, and we knew from the reports of Friedrich Count von der Schulenburg, our Ambassador in Moscow, that such speeches were made on instructions from Stalin.

Blomberg bluntly told Goebbels and Ribbentrop, then the Fuhrer's ambassador-at-large and closest adviser, that the German army indulged in no fanciful illusions and consequently expected an early war with Britain and France. Blomberg said, in effect: "We in the army believe it a foregone conclusion that Germany could conduct *no* war without the support or at least the benevolent neutrality of the Soviet Union. We have to get to work and obtain her support or her neutrality." Dr. Goebbels, completely uninhibited by scruples, was the first to be persuaded. He was enthusiastic and undertook to win over the still-hesitant Ribbentrop. It was not difficult. At the time Ribbentrop advocated an obscure foreign policy which consisted, in the main, of opposing anything and everything Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi Party's foreign expert, proposed. Rosenberg currently advocated British orientation and a war against the Soviets.

To tighten Blomberg's hold on the Propaganda Ministry, his nephew was appointed Chief of the Secret Archives and was given an office next to that of Goebbels.

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This nephew, Heinz Schlecht, was a man of no education who left a job as bricklayer to become one of the bigwigs in the Party. Now his job was to see to it that the policy prescribed by Blomberg was actually carried out. Soon he was able to report to his uncle that Goebbels was going full speed ahead.

II

In the fall of 1936 I received orders to join a language course set up by the government. I was told to learn Russian and Polish; fifteen of my fellow-students were officers of the German General Staff assigned to this course on Blomberg's personal orders. About the same time the files on Russia were put in charge of a newcomer by the name of Vitold Vaatz, whose job was to sift the archives and to supply material for Dr. Goebbels' Russian propaganda.

The actual propaganda campaign was worked out by Goebbels himself. It was a strange combination of pro-Stalinist propaganda inside the Soviet Union and anti-Soviet propaganda in other countries. So far as the propaganda designed for Russia was concerned, it had to accentuate Stalin's own whimsical propaganda campaigns, urge the removal of those Russian officials whom Goebbels considered obstacles to a rapprochement, and praise German achievement. Outside Russia, it worked in a diametrically opposite direction. It aimed at the isolation of the Soviet Union, to drive it into Germany's arms.

Goebbels' first objective was the removal of Foreign Commissar Maxim Litvinov. The importance of this objective is attested by the fact that the anti-Litvinov campaign was taken out of Hasenoerl's hands and managed by Goebbels in person. It began with leaflets, written personally by Goebbels, who used all the venom of his sardonic mind to hound Litvinov. The leaflets were translated by Vaatz, printed on tissue paper, and smuggled into Russia in diplomatic pouches. Once delivered, agents of our embassies and consulates saw to their distribution. Although this was our first large-scale propaganda campaign on Russian soil, everything clicked perfectly. Ambassador von der Schulenburg reported that the anti-Litvinov leaflets had been distributed within twenty-four hours of their arrival in Moscow.

Goebbels told us that our first task was "to purge the Russian government of its Jews." He could chalk up some amazing successes on

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this score and it seemed to us that he enjoyed Stalin's wholehearted co-operation in this effort. Just when trade negotiations between Germany and the Soviet Union were about to begin, Stalin dismissed A. P. Rosengoltz, Commissar of Foreign Trade. The most convincing act was Stalin's recall of Jacob Surich, Russian Ambassador to Berlin. He was replaced by an "Aryan," who was ostentatiously received by Hitler on Goebbels' recommendation.

In addition to his campaign against Litvinov, Goebbels personally launched an even more elaborate campaign against Leon Trotsky. The Doctor feared that the success of a Trotskyite revolution in Russia might cross all his schemes. Therefore he joined Stalin in the anti-Trotsky crusade. To Goebbels Stalin was a "harmless fool" burdened with inhibitions but with hazy political perception. But he feared Trotsky's political cunning and revolutionary strategy, which he considered on a par with his own. Germany's anti-Trotsky propaganda was carried out in Russia as well as in other foreign countries. The sudden intensification of German propaganda in Mexico, reflected in demands for the Russian's expulsion, was an integral part of this scheme. The leaflets distributed in the Soviet Union outdid Stalin in anti-Trotsky virulence. Part of the GPU evidence against alleged Trotskyite plotters, revealed in the course of the spectacular Moscow trials, came from our secret files and was placed at Prosecutor Vishinsky's disposal by my chief. Goebbels was quite sincere in this campaign and we had plenty of evidence that Stalin appreciated the unexpected help. In one of von der Schulenburg's reports I read that our anti-Trotsky leaflets had been passed out by GPU agents in Moscow.

More evidence of Stalin-Goebbels co-operation was the appearance of a number of strangers in our inner sanctum. Their passes were signed by Dr. Goebbels personally. They conferred with Vaatz and came often to study our files. They were Russians, attached to the Berlin bureau of Tass, the official Soviet news agency. They helped Vaatz to choose propaganda material and Goebbels to compose handbills for distribution in their homeland. Those of us who thought the Russian adventure was just another of Goebbels' lone-wolf schemes, now realized that Stalin was a willing partner in the game. Our incredulity changed to amazement, for simultaneously with our pro-Stalin campaign we were bus-

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ily carrying on a diametrically opposite campaign *against* the Stalinists. The second campaign, aiming to discredit the Soviet Union in the eyes of the world, ridiculed the Soviet's institutions, belittled its achievements, and presented Stalin as an Asiatic barbarian. This served the purpose of alienating the world from the Russians and isolating the Soviet Union, as well as diverting attention from the Nazi regime, as the lesser of two evils.

Our files also guarded the secret of Marshal Tukhachevsky and the seven other Red Army generals whose execution in Moscow in June 1937, startled the world. It was the beginning of a military purge that took the lives of about two-thirds of the Soviet officers' corps before it had run its sanguinary course. During his visits abroad the Red Marshal, respected in military circles as a great strategist, stopped in Berlin and conferred with high army circles as well as functionaries of our own Propaganda Ministry. The subject of these secret conferences was wider than Russo-German co-operation. *From the reports of our Moscow Embassy we learned that Tukhachevsky's Berlin stop-overs and conversations were made with the full knowledge of Stalin.*

Both the Kremlin and Dr. Goebbels spread the legend that the purge of Tukhachevsky and his colleagues was due to their contacts with the Reichswehr. All of us in the Ministry knew this to be a lie, since we were intimately aware that those contacts were no secret to the Soviet government. In fact we helped turn popular opinion in Russia against the generals by accusing them of Trotskyist conspiracy. Whatever dictator Stalin's suspicions of the Generals may have been, the excuse for their deaths offered to the world was false. Possibly Stalin feared that his army chiefs might use their connections with the Reichswehr in an attempt to overthrow his power; but the existence of those connections, I am convinced on the basis of reports that have passed under my own eyes, was known to Stalin all along.

After what I saw during my work in the Propaganda Ministry, I do not belong among those who admire Stalin's alleged shrewdness and diplomacy. I am rather inclined to believe that Goebbels was right in appraising him as a frightened, gullible, confused potentate day-dreaming about Peter the Great's glory. We were all astonished to see Stalin fall so easily for nearly all Goebbels' propaganda tricks.

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In the spring of 1937 Goebbels invented a new hobgoblin to frighten Stalin. This time it was spies! Through agents planted in key positions in the Kremlin, he had Stalin warned that foreign espionage was on the increase in the Soviet Union. The agents supplied facts and names: of Russian officials of the Amur railway who were spying for Japan; of imported English technical experts who were members of the British Intelligence Service. At first we thought the scheme would not work, but we overrated Stalin's intelligence. By March, Stalin was fully convinced of the truth of the fairy tales concocted in Section 7. He delivered a speech in which, for the first time in his career, he spoke in detail of the danger of espionage. He said:

> A hundred and thirty years ago Napoleon's camp was swarming with Russian, Austrian, German, and English spies, and today — one hundred and thirty years later — the situation has scarcely changed. France and England are full of German spies, Germany is full of English and French spies. In America, Japanese secret agents are at work, American secret agents in Japan. Why should the Soviet Union be an exception?

It was remarkable that he failed to mention German spies working in the Soviet Union. The trick worked so well that Stalin not only spoke but acted. All of Russia was roused to a hysterical, maniacal spy-hunt. Stalin himself worked out the plan for organizing the defense against espionage. He ordered the establishment of schools where the methods and technique of foreign intelligence services were to be studied. Flabbergasted pupils were told fantastic stories which were carefully manufactured in our Wilhelmstrasse office and smuggled into the Kremlin. Our purpose was to browbeat Stalin and split Russia. Even the most enthusiastic Nazis among us were surprised to see how efficiently Goebbels' plan worked.

Later we printed leaflets in Russian warning against foreign saboteurs; and, through the good offices of the Gestapo, continued supplying names from our own secret files. We kept the flames burning for a while and then permitted them to die out. We were afraid that the spy-hunt would reduce the efficiency of Russian production, and we banked heavily on Russian resources. Soon after we abandoned the scheme, it was dropped by Stalin as well.

III

While our propaganda machine was busy, economic and military experts were determining the extent of possible Russian material

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support. There were a series of inter-departmental conferences at the War Ministry with representatives of Schacht's Economic Ministry, the German Railway Administration, and our own Propaganda Ministry attending. Detailed investigations were ordered to establish the real extent of Russian raw-material supplies and the true state of the Soviets' communication system and heavy industries. Before long there was delivered to our office a comprehensive survey, prepared by these experts and entitled "What the Soviet Union Could Supply."

The German Labor Front sent representatives into Russia to determine where German workers ought to be placed in order to accelerate Soviet production. Part of the needed information was even supplied by Russian officials attached to the Soviet's Berlin trade mission. And Ribbentrop's office was at the same time drafting those trade, non-aggression, and friendship pacts which were signed in 1939 — four years after the conference at Blomberg's. Ribbentrop played an amazing dual role during this period. In the Propaganda Ministry we laughed whenever we heard that he had made another pro-British, anti-Russian statement as German Ambassador in London.

Hitler was left out of this Blomberg-Goebbels-Ribbentrop plot. Goebbels has an almost hypnotic influence on the Führer and continued to urge him to speak out against the Russians; first, because Hitler's apparent opposition to Russia left the door open for eventual British orientation should things go awry with Stalin, and second, so that Goebbels could play himself up to Stalin as the man working hardest to win Hitler over to the idea of a Russo-German understanding. Finally he used Hitler's vehement speeches to frighten Stalin and thus blackmail him into submission. Events now prove that Stalin was again taken in.

Many reports we received told of Stalin's open wonder and bewilderment at the efficiency of the German propaganda barrage. He admired how we managed to advertise our own accomplishments and envied the apparent effectiveness of our pro-Stalin campaign. And while he had nothing against our anti-Trotsky moves, he feared the day when we might drop Trotsky and go to work on him with the same thoroughness. He was reported to us as actually believing that intensified German propaganda carried out on Russian soil would be capable of overthrowing his regime. So the friendship he

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concluded with the Nazis was, to some extent at least, motivated by a desire for a truce with the German propaganda machine. Schulenburg reported to Ribbentrop that Stalin was more and more eager to seal the "friendship" and was only waiting for a word direct from Hitler.

This was not forthcoming until December 1938. At that time Goebbels and Ribbentrop, in cooperation with the Army high command, decided to take the final step in forging the Russo-German link. They worked on Hitler until they coaxed him into accepting practically every proposal — even though Field Marshal Goering objected to the entire pact out of sheer opposition to Goebbels. Finally the events of 1939 automatically overruled all opposition. Hitler was completely won to the viewpoint that he could not realize his plans without Russia's understanding.

More than three years had elapsed since the first secret meeting in Blomberg's house. These three years were well spent by the Nazi hierarchy in Berlin. When Ribbentrop finally flew to Moscow he carried final drafts of all the necessary treaties. They required only the signature of the "high contracting parties," which explains the amazing speed of the Russo-German negotiations. I think I am safe in saying that, beside those "high contracting parties" immediately involved, the only people in the world who didn't get a shock on the morning of August 23, 1939 were myself and my fellow-employees in Section 7 of the German Propaganda Ministry.

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CHICAGO, CITY OF CORRUPTION

By Ted Leitzell

In 1931 Chicago's liberal and reform elements were encouraged by two events. The first took place at the polls, where Democrat Tony Cermak was elected mayor by an incongruous combination of churchmen, bankers, reformers, liberals, ward-heel politicians, and Capone gangsters. The second occurred in Federal Court when Al Capone was sentenced to spend eleven years in prison.

Soon, however, the liberals were reeling in confusion. For the relatively harmless complacence of the Big Bill Thompson regime, they had substituted the Nash-Kelly-Arvey machine, which has given Chicago the most corrupt and ruthless city government in America. Taxes and expenditures have reached an all-time high; city services are at an all-time low. Ward heelers occupy fat sinecures, while Reliefers starve on 10 cents a day. Streets are filled with holes, alleys littered with garbage. The schools have been corrupted, and civil service rules for city employees have been consistently violated. Standard prices have been established for jobs on the police force; a jury recently convicted Alderman Konkowski because he *failed* to deliver some police jobs for which he had taken payment — he would never have been prosecuted if he had delivered. The machine has reduced vote buying and stealing to an exact science, and formed a definite alliance with the criminal elements that operate the highly profitable gambling and vice concessions throughout the city and county.

And the Capone Syndicate? During Al's incarceration it increased in power and wealth, muscling into the legal liquor business as effectively as it did with the bootleg stuff. It controls some of the AFL labor unions, and dominates several important legitimate industries. It is a typically Chicago Micawber touch that Al Capone's release from Alcatraz synchronized with two important developments: a new outbreak of gang warfare that riddled Edward J. O'Hare, front for the Capone Syndicate,

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with shotgun slugs; and the cancellation of nationwide wire service to bookies, which gives a hope — a bare hope — that Chicago may once more have a decent government.

The lifeblood of the Kelly-Nash-Arvey machine, like any corrupt political organization, is cold cash on the line for supporters. This can come in the form of jobs, graft on municipal contracts, or cash for political workers, judges, clerks, etc., at the polls. Tony Cermak, who had been backed by some of Chicago's moralists, first saw how to make one dollar of graft do the work of four or five; he made the bookies lay it on the line, enough to take care of the Syndicate, police captains, politicians, and his gambling overlord. In so doing he sewed up the votes of the bookies who paid, secured jobs in bookie joints for deserving precinct workers, and insured the support of Capone muscle at the polls.

Here is how Cermak did it: as soon as he became mayor he put police captain Martin Mullen in charge of vice and gambling. Thereafter, every complaint in these fields had to clear through Mullen before the district cops could take action. At the same time Tony called in Billy Skidmore, with whom he had once operated a bookie joint on 22nd Street. Skidmore became collection man for the money paid by the bookies for police protection and, as pay-off man, also attended to splitting the take. Anyone who wanted to open a bookie joint first saw Skidmore to make sure of police protection; then he visited the representative of Moses L. Annenberg, who had a monopoly on racing news. Annenberg's Nationwide News Service gathered minute-by-minute post and running information from all tracks, and relayed it by loudspeaker to bookies all over the country. Once a week at first, later once a month, Skidmore's collectors visited the bookie joints. They checked books and, if profits increased, upped assessments. Any who failed to pay regularly were wiped out of business by the police just as rapidly as though they had neglected to get permission from Billy Skidmore in the first place.

Between the first and tenth of each month Skidmore paid off. His combined money came from the bookie joints, from Ely Kelly, the policy king, who paid $250 a week for each of his twenty-eight policy wheels, and from Bill Johnson, who turned over a cut from his seven large gambling houses. The money was split four ways — Skidmore kept part, while the rest

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went to representatives of the Capone Syndicate, the city and county politicians, and the police captains.

Under this program there was, until last November, an average of 900 bookies in Chicago paying an average of $100 a week to Skidmore and about $50 a week to Annenberg. Skidmore collections grossed about $5,000,000 a year from 1932 until the heat really went on the cash box in November. Annenberg, after being indicted on income tax evasion and lottery charges, and having his Chicago telephone service cut off by pressure from county and federal officials, voluntarily announced dissolution of his racing-news service. Twenty per cent of his former profits went direct to the Syndicate; another 30 per cent went somewhere among the politicians. A Federal grand jury reported that Annenberg also made substantial Christmas gifts to various city judges and other officials, and had two state senators on his pay roll.

Vice does not play an important part in Chicago political profits. Most Irish politicians shun the business, fearing that God won't let them into Heaven when they die if they contribute to sending so many girls' souls to hell. They leave that source of revenue chiefly to those less worried about the hereafter, and as a form of private graft for coppers on the beat.

II

In 1933 Mayor Cermak was shot while in the company of President-elect Roosevelt. The city council appointed a temporary mayor while Edward J. Kelly and Pat Nash got the state legislature to legalize election by the council. That done, Kelly was elected to fill out the term. He announced that he would continue the policies laid down by Cermak, which is one political promise Kelly has kept.

Mayor Kelly has had a long and interesting career on the public pay rolls. He began as an axman for the Sanitary District, and hasn't missed a pay check since. In 1920 he was appointed Chief Engineer of the Sanitary District; in 1924 he became president of the South Park Board as well. Not much was heard of Kelly until the "whoopee days" scandal broke in 1930. It seemed that under his regime as chief engineer the district had squandered vast sums. Boulevard maintenance worth $6000 a year cost the taxpayers $164,000. A bridle path was built at a cost of $1,016,000, and appraised by competent engineers at $292,000. There

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was a little item of $400,000 charged to excavations, when no excavating was done. The district paid high rates to friendly companies for hauling cinders from its plants, and then bought them back at fancy prices to put on the bridle paths. Some members of the board used district funds for paying private employees. Fortunes were squandered on gala parties. Dozens of men, including known racketeers and several state senators, were on the pay rolls for doing nothing.

Kelly, as chief engineer authorizing the construction expenditures, was indicted along with nine others on a charge of conspiring to defraud the district of $5,000,000. John Northrup, assistant state's attorney, fought for convictions, but he was up against too potent a machine. The indictments were *nol prossed*. Northrup got new ones, but this time Kelly escaped, largely because incriminatory records disappeared. Every conceivable effort was made to defeat prosecution. After changes of venue, continuances, delays, and what not, Northrup succeeded in getting one conviction. The indictment naming Kelly disappeared from the files.

Kelly was compelled to pay the Federal Treasury $105,000 in penalties for failing to report $450,000 in his income tax returns for 1925–28. But the government did not bring criminal charges, as it had with Capone and others.

When Kelly became mayor, his first big objective was to secure perpetual political dominance. The machine was already sitting pretty, with support from most of the "respectable" and financial elements. The police were under control through the central pay-off system on gambling graft. The Capone Syndicate was loyal for the same reason, and because it could have undesirable cops demoted, transferred, or fired. Alderman William Pacelli and State Senator Dan Serritella brought a group of Republicans with them to the Kelly-Nash pay roll. WPA and Relief provided thousands of jobs to people endorsed by Democrat ward committeemen, and Kelly wangled a New Deal loan to pay the schoolteachers, firemen, and cops. There remained the schools, courts, labor unions, and park boards. The machine high-pressured a bill through the state legislature consolidating the parks into one district, under the domination of Robert J. Dunham. Bi-partisan deals with the Serritella faction of the Republicans established an unbeatable line-up of judicial candidates at elections.

The schools required a little more

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maneuvering. Mayor Thompson had drawn a lot of snickers because he fired Superintendent McAndrew as part of his campaign to make King George "keep his snoot out of Chicago." But Thompson refused to exert political pressure on the school board. Kelly had William H. Johnson appointed superintendent, and the fun began. Teachers who would not actively support the administration were demoted or transferred. Examinations for principal became a joke; dozens of men who passed the written exams with flying colors were flunked on their oral, unwitnessed tests; others who flunked the written tests were passed. In 1920 only 5 per cent of the principals were qualified by oral examination; in 1936 the percentage had increased to 81. School board purchases from dummy corporations were made by splitting orders into units of less than $300 each, thereby evading the requirement that orders over $300 be placed by competitive bidding. R. V. Arvey, brother of Jake Arvey of the Kelly-Nash-Arvey triumvirate, headed a firm that sold the schools more than $70,000 worth of material in 1938. In one year nine dummy corporations, six without commercial rating, sold the schools $786,000 in orders of less than $300.

Another source of jobs for the faithful was found in abrogation of the civil service laws. That was done by withholding the results of civil service examinations and making "temporary" appointments. A new variation came in when employees actually under civil service were forced to sign waivers to their rights for promotion; this gave an opportunity to reward certain workers or to collect a fee from an ambitious man by jumping him over the heads of others.

Another bill threw real estate into receivership if delinquent in tax payments. This gave the machine a chance to appoint hundreds of receivers, and what a sugar bowl it became! Receivers collected fat fees, provided convenient addresses for fake election registrations, and were not checked on how much graft flowed from the purchase of supplies if they did plenty of business with friendly companies. In spite of the fact that receivers had absolute control, delinquency was reduced only 4 per cent in five years.

The Capone Syndicate shares domination of certain AFL labor unions with the machine. This began back in 1934, when Repeal made the Syndicate look around for new enterprises, and it was done strictly on a muscle basis. In the

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Painters, Decorators, and Paper Hangers Union, for example, there have been six officials murdered in the past five years, which is typical of many Chicago unions. Red Barker and Three-Finger Jack White, notorious Syndicate racketeers, moved in on the Teamsters union in 1934. They are both dead now. Umbrella Mike Boyle, who has heard a jury say "guilty," has made a fortune from the Electrical Workers Union. Since bullets ended Tommy Maloy's career in the Motion Picture Operators Union, it has been in the gentle hands of Nick Dean, who also operates the swanky Colony Club. Bartenders pay their union dues to Louie Romano, member of the Syndicate. Mike Corrozzo, head of the Street Cleaners Union, and real power in every union identified with paving, thought his political power was so great that he would not have to play with the Syndicate. One night a dozen slugs tore past his head. Mike took the hint.

Control of union treasuries is a source of fantastic revenue, but that is far from being their entire value. The strike threat is a powerful weapon in making unfriendly business organizations fall in line and in keeping outsiders from underbidding favored firms. Unions can be a lot of help at elections, too; in the last mayoralty campaign billposters refused to handle anti-Kelly placards.

III

By 1935 Kelly and Nash had about 400,000 voters dependent on their favor for at least part of their incomes. Elections were a travesty. Fake registrations, Republican sell-outs in various wards, crooked judges and clerks, purchased votes, organized mobs of floaters, muscle support from the Syndicate, counterfeit ballots, gave the machine overwhelming majorities in all the cheat wards. Kelly was elected by a vote of 798,150 to 166,571 for his Republican opponent. Some precincts did not show a single Republican vote.

This gave the CityHall gang absolute control of the city, and filled them with ambition for complete domination of the state and county administrations. Governor Horner had refused to follow orders from Nash, so why not throw him out? Horner fought back. He had his own patronage machine, and plenty of money contributed by state employees. States Attorney Thomas J. Courtney (who had been on Kelly's Sanitary District pay roll back in 1928 while holding three other jobs on public pay rolls)

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lined up with Horner. It was a close fight, but Horner's downstate strength rode over Kelly's grip on Cook County. Then the boys all got together again, and rode into office on the New Deal tidal wave.

The party rift continued into the 1939 campaign, however, with District Attorney Courtney opposing Kelly for the mayoralty nomination. As part of his ammunition Courtney shouted about the gambling corruption, and put his cops to work raiding. That started a new record for judicial handsprings. Judge Eugene Holland held that the cops must have search warrants, and released gamblers at the rate of seven hundred a month. Judge Oscar Caplan insisted that there was not evidence unless the copper first made a bet, then secured a search warrant, and finally placed another bet. One judge's cases were sometimes turned loose even before court went into session; the bookie would turn his bail slip over to his attorney, who would present it to the clerk, who in turn would discharge the bookie. Only a certain favored few attorneys could get such quick and favorable action. When cops met judicial requirements, judges laid down new ones. Judge Eugene McGarry evolved the theory that a bet must be placed to prove gambling, but that if it were placed, the bookie was a victim of entrapment and should be released. (McGarry, incidentally, was recently indicted for malfeasance and accepting phony bonds to the tune of letting one plot of land worth less than $100 serve for more than fifty bonds simultaneously. Holland is in hot water because he was a business partner of just-murdered Edward O'Hare, manager of the Capone race tracks.) The whole thing was, of course, just a game of ring-around-the-rosy. Kelly's cops joined in the raiding; nobody expected convictions, but the official record shows that the cops did an honest job. The bookies had to submit to the inconvenience of these shadow raids as part of their contribution to civic virtue.

Courtney did not have a chance. Governor Horner was ill in Florida, and many deputy leaders of the state machine held out. Ward committeemen were intimidated; those who announced support for Courtney found that saloons in their ward were closed promptly at the closing hour. That was bad for the machine, since the two hours after legal closing are recognized as the "Captain's hours," when the police captain of that district gets all of the graft from cheating saloon keepers as his personal take.

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The Republicans nominated Dwight Green for mayor and put up a good fight. Kelly conducted a typical campaign. Not once did he defend himself against the charges brought by Green. He insisted that he had been a good mayor, "All this talk about huge taxes is the bunk!" But tax bills were not mailed until after the election, even though the delay cost the city thousands of dollars a day in interest. No effort was made to enforce vehicle tax collections, saloons stayed open as long as they wished. Kelly's machine spent $5,000,000 to elect him.

With Kelly safe in office, things began to happen. Saloons were suddenly locked tight at closing hours; then came new license regulations, with new hours — the net result of all this being to collect seventeen months in license fees during the calendar year. This brought an extra $3,000,000 to be spent in 1939. Drivers were jerked into court for failure to have city vehicle tags, and the judges who released bookies in wholesale numbers punished drivers with savage ferocity. Tax bills went out, and set a new high: $9.17 per hundred dollars valuation — one of the highest rates in the country and more than 43 per cent over Chicago's 1933 rate.

The new budget of $330,000,000 was the highest in Chicago's history, and did not provide full service for all departments through the entire year. The park district got its pegged levy increased 39 per cent over 1938, and the schools got $6,000,000 more without increasing expenditures in any way. The park district tried to put a bill through the legislature authorizing a bond issue for running expenses without a popular referendum.

Gambling, while thrown into confusion by cancellation of telephone service, is as flagrant today as ever. Bookie joints operate so openly that many of them put out advertising matches. There are joints operating in sight of the city hall, next door to churches, and in many a respectable office building. With one exception, the newspapers have done little to preserve Chicago's decency. The exception is *The Daily News*, published by Col. Frank Knox, with Paul Scott Mowrer on the job as editor. Mowrer began gathering facts and when he had enough the *News* began publication of exceedingly uncomfortable and incontrovertable data about the Kelly-Nash-Arvey rackets.

Chicago could never have slipped into its present rotten state of affairs if it were not for the complacence of the decent element. When reputable businessmen are

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willing to pay graft for the privilege of selling supplies to tax receivers, honesty in government gets a black eye. When respectable businessmen are willing to deal with ex-convict union officers, lawlessness is encouraged. The situation is not, however, entirely hopeless. Other papers have followed the *News'* lead, and the real filth of Chicago's administration is being hung on more lines than one. The facts so far produced have shocked the decent citizens, many of whom needed prodding of this sort to make them get out and vote. Even though Chicago has four times as many robberies as New York City, the cops on the whole are honest, able men, and can't be blamed for not bucking the politicians.

After a generation of fumbling, Chicago still has the world's worst transportation system, but a subway has actually been started — with Federal funds — even though nobody knows where to find the $9,000,000 that will be needed to equip it for operation. The millions squandered needlessly by the park board have produced some construction that is not hideous or unneeded, and the thirty miles of unspoiled lake front are still there.

Kelly is still sitting pretty with his $34,000 home in Miami Beach, his three-story brick house in Chicago, and his seventeen acre estate with its palatial fourteen-room summer home at Eagle River, Wisconsin. But he is no longer impregnable. City Hall has been watching Kansas City with anxious eyes; when the Federal heat goes on it is hard to stop. Even the leap to the third term bandwagon may not save the machine.

Kelly's term runs to 1943, but there is a general election coming up next fall. Judge Edmund K. Jarecki — county election judge and political enemy of Kelly — is gradually bringing vote fraud under control by sending a steady stream of Kelly henchmen to jail, many from Jake Arvey's 24th ward. (In the last mayoralty election, the 54th precinct of that ward showed 500 more ballots cast than voters registered.) There is dissension in the machine, with many of the minor grafters frantically trying to cover up before they are inspected by Uncle Sam. Graft from gambling has been greatly curtailed, and indications are that it will be reduced still more. With a smaller war chest, fewer jobs, and increasing obstacles to vote stealing, it seems possible that the Kelly-Nash regime is near the end. Perhaps old Father Dearborn will yet survive.

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▶*High ideals and low I.Q.'s made possible Stalin's profitable* putsch *in movieland.*

REVOLUTION CAME TO HOLLYWOOD

By William Bledsoe

NOTHING since the advent of the talkies struck Hollywood quite so hard as the news of the Soviet-Nazi pacts. Mingled with cries of pain were the strains of a big belly laugh. Certain glamour boys and girls, famous writers and directors were on their knees at the shrine of the crossed hammer-and-sickle when the bombshell fell. It hit them like a dropped option. They were still staggering when the Red invasion of Poland exploded around their ears, and the panic was completed by Russia's assault on Finland. Only in the breasts of the most devout can traces of the Stalinist faith still linger. It may still be alive in Lionel Stander, Frances Farmer, Lillian Hellman, Dorothy Parker, Donald Ogden Stewart, Gale Sondergaard, Lief Erikson, J. Edward Bromberg, Sylvia Sidney, Ella Winter, and a few others — but by the time these words reach print even they may be among the apostates. The fact is that the Hollywood Revolution is fading out. The goofiest era in cinema legend — a compound of high ideals and low I.Q.'s; party lines and just parties; noble slogans and ignoble political rackets — is about washed up. Before it goes down the drain, a respectful obituary over the remains is in order.

I saw the Celluloid Uprising in its most fantastic hours. During the heyday of the Diamond-Studded Proletariat I was editor of the *Screen Guild Magazine*, official organ of the Screen Actors Guild, the AFL union of picture players, which gave me a front-row seat on the super-Revolution. I witnessed the revolt of the Hollywood wage slaves and the Stalin *putsch*. I saw Social Consciousness quicken and come to a boil in actors, writers, and directors whose names rival Rinso and Camels as household words. I followed the insurrection mass meeting by mass meeting, cocktail party by cocktail party, until many a Big Name was more or less secretly enrolled in the Communist Party or tagging along solemnly in one of the "front" leagues and committees. The politi-

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cal pig-Latin of class struggle, anti-fascism, and revolutionary tactics rippled around swimming pools and across dance floors. Five-thousand-dollar-a-week proletarians rattled their gold chains of servitude as Russia, Spain, the sharecroppers, China, and the *New Masses* were saved anew and defended once more.

To understand how the Revolution overwhelmed Hollywood, you must know that nearly every high-priced actor, writer, and director detests his work. They hate to make pictures, considering it below their potentialities as creative artists — birds snared in gilded contracts dreaming of literature and real theatres beyond the horizons. To be sure, there are exceptions. A few realize they have hit their stride and are resigned to luxurious slavery. A handful actually enjoy their work. Paul Muni is one; Edward Arnold another — and the comrades hated them like poison. But on the whole Hollywood is a city of unhappy successful people. And that, it seemed to me, was the basis for communism with two butlers and a swimming pool.

The Communist Party traded on this emotional stew, and cashed in big. As long as communism was revolutionary, it could not touch these disturbed souls. But in 1936, having become "democratic," Jeffersonian, and respectable, caviar-communism offered a Reason for Living and an alibi for living so absurdly well.

Cramped, unhappy, hamstrung actors and writers and directors thumbed their noses at the half-literate movie moguls whom they despised and hit the sawdust trail to the Kremlin. For the first time in their lives they found salvation. A lot of frustrated, unrealistic, naïve, sometimes not overly intelligent people looking for something to hold onto were sucked into a political racket.

Moscow agents stumbled on Hollywood about the middle of 1936, and found it colossal: Big Names with magical propaganda-carrying power. Barrels of money. The "educational" power inherent in motion pictures; one revolutionary sequence, a few inches of the Party line in the dialogue, a friendly salute to the Kremlin Führer in a picture going to every civilized people on the globe. The publicity value of stars to dress up money-raising enterprises. . . . Only Hollywood could provide such opportunities. Only one thing surprised the pioneering communists prospecting in them thar Beverly Hills: the speed and size and ease of their strikes.

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II

In the studio labor organizations, the comrades had only mixed success. The painters' union went over to the side of the Revolution, body and brushes. Among the talent groups, the Screen Writers' Guild, over the dead bodies of a few anti-Stalinists ("fascists" in the fashionable pig-Latin), sold out to the New Gospel of the United Front. The Guild had been started honestly with the notion that writers have a right to bargain collectively. But the Stalinists stole the show. The Authors' League of America, parent body of the Guild, tried to fight them off, under the valorous captaincy of Miss Luise Sillcox, but lost when the Coast revolutionaries and their hangers-on won local autonomy for the Guild.

This victory almost killed the Guild, but things were patched up and enough passengers were corralled on the communist train to keep things going. Comrade Donald Ogden Stewart, an overnight convert, donated his wit to this struggle for a "progressive" line of action and was ably aided by a supporting cast that included Dudley Nichols, Dorothy Parker, Frances Hackett, Humphrey Cobb, Dalton Trumbo, Phillip Dunne, Irwin Shaw, Tess Slesinger, Sam Ornitz, Frank Scully, Oliver H. P. Garrett, Lillian Hellman, Boris Ingster, Buddy Schulberg, John Howard Lawson, Lester Cole, Joel Sayre, and Madeline Ruthven. Some of these, of course, hadn't been shown the script and doubtless are still innocent.

It was an altogether different story in the Screen Actors Guild, largest of the talent organizations and now a powerful trade union. There was a strong nucleus of Party stooges and fellow-travelers in this union, but they checked their revolutionary reins. The organization was shaky at the time, the producers were trying to kill it off, and the communists apparently decided to go easy rather than destroy an organization that would some day be highly useful. This is not to say that Guild members like Lionel Stander, Fred Keating, Gale Sondergaard, Melvyn Douglas, Fredric March, Franchot Tone, Victor Kilian, Russell Hicks, Sylvia Sidney, Frances Farmer, Lief Erikson, Helen Gahagan, and their worshipping satellites in the extra and bit-player ranks did not use the Guild for Stalinism whenever safely possible. Their big objective in the early days was to get their representatives elected to the Board of Directors, in which they failed.

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When Melvyn Douglas ran against Ralph Morgan for the presidency, he was licked five to one — probably a good measure of the relative strength of the Stalinists at the time.

They did gain a Pyrrhic victory in 1937, when the Screen Actors Guild tied up with the Federation of Motion Picture Crafts dominated by the communistic painters' union. Unfortunately for everyone concerned, this merely started a chain of events that led the Guild straight into the paws of the redoubtable Willie Bioff, now big in the news thanks to Westbrook Pegler's crusading disclosures about his criminal past. Last summer the Guild finally shook off Bioff, but some of those who aided the original sell-out to Bioff's stagehands' union are still on the Guild payroll.

The unionist phase, however, was only part of the larger picture. If the comrades did not get far with the actors' union, they had a loud, romantic, and exciting time pushing the Revolution elsewhere. Actors, writers, directors and Hollywoodians on the fringes of the movie business joined Party "fractions" which met in Beverly Hills, Bel Air and Brentwood underground cells to hear the Party line and rehearse the dialog for the next general meeting. There was scarcely a Hollywood political, trade-union, or social meeting that did not have a few well-coached communist plants in the audience to heckle the "reactionary" speaker, to see that the voice of the Party was adequately heard and the customary resolutions on Spain, China, and fascism introduced. Hundreds of the Hollywood talent crowd enrolled in formal study classes where Party teachers gave instruction in the Stalinist parody of Karl Marx and Lenin. Marxist jargon filled the air, and experts on dialog became experts on dialectics. Glamour-girls burgeoned forth as authorities on Revolutionary Theory and Practice.

It was fun for an unregenerate infidel like myself to watch the new evangelism. A few became so fiery in their missionary zeal that the Party itself had to crack down on making speeches between takes on the set! The hocus-pocus of fake "Party names" was used extensively. Those in one unit seldom knew for sure who belonged to the others, though they recognized one another by the patter. Life was good now. The reactionary Hollywood of fun, gayety, sex, and divorce, the carefree and glamourous life among the stars — all this was dead. Social Purpose burned in the hearts of hundreds of happy con-

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verts. Hollywood was reborn. And the shekels rolled in a steady flood into the manifold Party receptacles.

Screenwriter Mary C. McCall, Jr. epitomized the New Hollywood in the February 1937 issue of the *Screen Guild Magazine* and the article set the town on fire. She wrote in part:

> We're up to our neck in politics and morality now. Nobody goes to anybody's house any more to sit and talk and have fun. There's a master of ceremonies and a collection basket, because there are no gatherings now except for a Good Cause. We have almost no time to be actors and writers these days. We're committee members and collectors and organizers and audiences for orators. Either we're standing in the lobby of the Filmarte or the Grand International, keeping tab on the suspect eight hundred who go to see foreign films, or we're giving a cocktail party at which everyone pledges himself to do or not to do something.
>
> Our jobs are rapidly becoming a kind of hobby, like tambour work. There's nothing pulse-quickening about playing that scene on the fire escape, or getting around the necessity for a dissolve in the hay-loft sequence. When the director yells 'Cut' for the last time, or the clock creeps around to five-thirty, then life begins. Then we can listen to speeches and sign pledges, and feel that warming glow which comes from being packed in close with a lot of people who agree with you — a mild hypnotism, and exhilarating pleasurable hysteria.

The comrades raised hell. A delegation called on the Guild Board of Directors, demanded a retraction in the next issue and denounced the editor for publishing an article with "anti-trade-union implications." The fact that Miss McCall was one of the staunchest trade-unionists in the Screen Writers' Guild was overlooked. Letters by the dozen protesting the "fascist" article poured in. Long telegrams arrived, sprinkled with the tell-tale fellow-traveller phraseology, bearing many signatures. Emergency "fraction" meetings were called. Miss McCall had started something by saying aloud what everyone knew anyhow.

Donald Ogden Stewart got the job of blistering Miss McCall, and his 3000-word defense of the New Hollywood appeared in the next issue of the Guild magazine. It flamed with indignation and contempt for Miss McCall's indifference to the threat of world fascism. The writer or actor who didn't get in on the Hollywood political fray and pitch was as low as Judas, he rebuked. Comrade Stewart took sharp issue with the McCall picture of everybody involved in politics and social morality. He wrote:

> During the past year, I have attended practically all of the "radical" meetings, symposia and benefits (as Howard Emmett Rogers and his followers in the M-G-M branch of the DAR will be glad to tell you at the drop of an

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> American Legion button) and I can assure Miss McCall that 99 44/100 per cent of Hollywood is still sleeping peacefully in its options. . . . The progress of Nazism and fascism across the face of Europe has not been exactly in the interests of the working class. The Hollywood artist, or the Hollywood workman, whether he wishes or not, has a very practical interest in certain political trends of the modern world and Miss McCall's expressed desire to confine her activities to "setting down what she sees" is pitifully ostrich-like in its failure to envision what would happen to her both as an artist and as a human being if war or fascism should ever come to this country.

Nobody noticed that Stewart somehow overlooked the issue of the artist's and writer's freedom in the Soviet way of life; everybody thought he had done a swell job of getting the Revolution on its way again. But next month I stirred up another counter-revolution by running a piece by Joseph Wood Krutch called "A Plague on Both Your Houses." Mr. Krutch mentioned the purge trials then current in Moscow and suggested that the American way of life is opposed to *both* communism and fascism. The Hollywood branch of the Kremlin fumed again. This second insult to political decency was too much for Comrade Fred Keating who was on the magazine advisory committee. He resigned in a heat.

Every issue of the magazine was judged severely at the "fraction" meetings on how much "Party stuff" appeared. As Guild members the Hollywood Comrades had access to its pages and often succeeded in putting across articles written or signed by glamourous comrades of the proper political complexion. Mr. Keating scored a hit with his piece "Are We Laborers?" He proved brilliantly that the $2000-a-week actor or writer, precisely like the truck-driver, is a proletarian slave writhing in the chains of capitalism. This was a favorite theme. In a world filled with share-croppers and refugees, it was balm for the conscience to feel — even amidst cloying luxury — authentically among the lowly and exploited who tomorrow would inherit the earth and socialize the studios. Frank Scully (*Fun in Bed* and *More Fun in Bed*) propounded the question "Is the Middle Class in the Middle?" and decided that "If the middle class wants to get rid of its white collar of servitude, it had better get its picket lines in order."

III

But the decisive battles of the Hollywood Revolution were fought in the living arena of mass meetings, boycotts, benefits, leagues, committees, congresses, conventions,

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speeches, relief money, telegrams, protests, pamphlets, parades, picket lines, pictures, parties, politics, pledges, petitions, dinners, dances, slogans, and all the rest of the effects that made up the united-front show. "Stop Fascism," "Boycott Japan," "Save Spain," "Save China," "Peace," "Democracy" were strident battle cries to stir thousands of well-meaning and easy-going movie folk into joining "front" organizations like the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League and the Motion Picture Artists' Committee. More important, they stirred thousands to donate large sums to causes for which no genuine accounting was ever made; to play sucker for $20-a-plate dinners (white tie) for returned heroes of the Spanish War or exiled German authors; to feed collection baskets at cocktail parties. This was what made the Hollywood Revolution exciting. The costumed fairyland existence on the sound-stages was balanced by the flesh-and-blood life of hysterical mass meetings, ticket selling, money raising, membership drives, and midnight soirees in magnificent hilltop hideouts. Fans and autograph hounds in the know didn't waste time hanging around the Brown Derby or the Trocadero. The real pickings were at the mass meetings in the Shrine and Philharmonic Auditoriums and the Hollywood Legion Stadium.

A ten- and twenty-dollar a plate dinner in honor of a revolutionary hero was always sure-fire. You could dress up and be sure to see everybody. One of the brightest of these little affairs was held at that proletarian dive, the Vendome, in honor of André Malraux. M. Malraux' speech on the defense of democracy in Spain was followed by a war film. The final shot showed a mass of Spanish peasants standing on a hillside, arms outstretched, fists clinched, eyes uplifted, chorusing the *Internationale.* Hell broke loose at the Vendome. Napkins and bread filled the air, glasses rang out, wild applause shook the rafters, groups intoned the Moscow anthem, and the full-dress, bareback Hollywood workers luxuriated in that deep peace that comes with the quickening of social consciousness. Peace, it's wonderful.

Frank Morgan, in a weak moment, was persuaded to throw a dinner party by the Motion Picture Artists' Committee to raise money for ambulances for Spain. Plates were laid for twenty-four hand-picked picture moguls, actors, writers, and directors. Most of them thought it was going to be the usual social evening in a private home and were a little shocked

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when, after cigars and brandy, a professional money-raiser showed up. Before they got away, each "guest" wrote a check for $1000. One ambulance was actually purchased, and typical Hollywood fanfare marked its departure for a publicity run across the country; top-flight stars were on hand to write their magic autographs on its sides.

Director Frank Tuttle turned over the gymnasium on his proletarian estate in Hollywood Hills for a private preview of a "documentary" film on the Spanish war. Upton Sinclair was a principal speaker. A few of the more thin-skinned future fighters on the barricades did not sit through the gore and horror, but most remained to hear a $2000-a-week writer solemnly announce his determination to quit his job and join the International Brigade. This was a soul-filling moment, and the revolutionaries filed out in a hush, by the tiled swimming pool, called for their limousines, snuggled under their fur robes and rode swiftly toward their mansions, uplifted.

The mass meeting was a type of revolutionary action suited to Hollywood. Grand spectacle, the strained moment, the surging of emotion, the triumphant collection — scarcely a week passed without a gathering in the largest halls, where sordid realities and divorce complications could be forgotten in the utopian whirl. The technique of more private parties was also profitable to the Revolution: the quiet afternoon cocktail party for a select and well-heeled few, hat-passing in big evening brawls, and intimate, almost-clandestine, soirees where plans were hatched.

The united-front organizations, of course, are not a special Hollywood invention. They prospered throughout our broad and innocent land. But the plethora of celebrities in the movie capital made the task easier for the promoters. The League for Peace and Democracy had one of its most vociferous branches here. There was the Congress of Western Writers flourished, with the fellow-travelers setting the tone. (At one meeting this congress protested against a chapter by Eugene Lyons in a book not yet published, on the ground that nothing he wrote on Russia could be credited. The book appeared. Lyons' chapter, alas, was on Persia.) Donald Ogden Stewart was president of Hollywood's most active united-front gag, the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League. The League was amazingly successful in concealing its link with the Los Angeles chapter of the American

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League for Peace and Democracy, and thus enrolled hundreds who would have been frightened away by the more frankly Stalinist mother-league.

When the author of a letter to the Hollywood *Citizen-News* asked why the Anti-Nazi League did not come out against the Russian dictatorship as well as the German, the League replied through the same medium that the Soviet was a "democratic" nation with a constitution not unlike our own and that whereas Germany was imperialistic, Russia was peace-loving, a protector of small nations and a pillar of the League of Nations. The League could boast Big Names and made good use of them. Mostly, of course, they didn't and still don't understand how they were used.

The Motion Picture Artists' Committee (later revised to the Motion Picture Committee for Democracy) concentrated on the plight of Spain, but never noticed what the Cheka was doing to wreck the Loyalist cause. After Franco won, it took on China. Its roster counted. Luise Rainer, Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas, Anna May Wong, Fredric March, Frances Farmer, and others. Charles A. Page, now lieutenant governor of California, was then generally considered the Party's liaison man with the Committee. It specialized in promoting fund-raising parties and dances. According to a good source, more than $5000 filled the collection baskets the night it booked Ernest Hemingway in person with his film *The Spanish Earth.* The comfortable revolutionaries always went in strong for horror from abroad, good crying acts, and mass emotionalism of other types.

But the Revolution is ended. Its remnants are disheartened; worse, they are apologetic. And it's a pity, too. For Hollywood was spiritually replete. A precious something has been taken from these people, who now go back sadly to their jeweled emptiness and the drabness of mere wealth. What Stalin is doing to Finland is nothing compared to what he has done to the innocent, high-pitched, hypnotic faith of Hollywood. For once the city faced Reality, and it turns out to be just another piece of make-believe.

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▶*In close-up: Lord Halifax, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir John Simon, Winston Churchill:*

MEN WHO RULE BRITAIN

By Alfred Duff Cooper

Former First Lord of the British Admiralty

During the international crisis of 1938 which culminated at Munich, there occurred inside the ranks of the British Cabinet a not unnatural development. In times of stress, events move rapidly, and decisions must be taken from hour to hour. A committee of twenty-two is too large and cumbersome a body to deal efficiently with a continually changing situation. Twenty-two men take time to summon, and when collected together take time to decide, if each is to be given a fair opportunity to speak his opinion and to argue a case. The tendency, therefore, at such times, is to delegate supreme authority to a smaller body, who become the real executive and who keep in touch with their colleagues, reporting to them all decisions and obtaining subsequent approval.

In Great Britain, this small executive body became known as the Big Four, and the members of it, besides the Prime Minister, whom I discussed in the January Mercury, were Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary; Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary; and Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Halifax, youngest of the three, being now 58 years of age, has had a career of great distinction. In private life he has excelled both as a scholar and a sportsman, being a fellow of All Souls College at Oxford, and a Master of Hounds. His father, who died recently at the age of 95, was famous in England as the most distinguished lay member of the High Church, and had often been suspected of leanings toward Rome.

His son inherited all his religious convictions, and when he went to India as Viceroy, produced a profound effect on native opinion by altering the whole of his itinerary on arrival because he refused to travel on a Sunday. The Indians, deeply religious themselves, were surprised to find that some Englishmen also had such scruples, and the genuinely friendly relations which Halifax succeeded in estab-

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lishing with Mahatma Gandhi were based upon a certain spiritual affinity. Tall, pale and ascetic in appearance, Halifax might easily have been a monk and would have made a magnificent Cardinal. Like most truly religious people, there is nothing of the prig in his composition. There is a singular charm and lightness in his conversation.

It is generally believed that the Prime Minister has designated Halifax as his successor. To be a member of the House of Lords is a grave handicap for a Prime Minister, but not necessarily prohibitive. When Mr. Baldwin was chosen instead of Lord Curzon to fill that position, it was widely stated that no member of the House of Lords could ever be Prime Minister again. But it was so stated more to salve Lord Curzon's wounded feelings than because anybody believed it to be true.

That Lord Halifax has reached this high position is due, as are so many things in politics, to a series of fortuitous events. In 1925 he held the Cabinet position of Minister of Agriculture, which is well known in England as the grave of parliamentary reputations. But before his interment had been completed, he was rescued by promotion and sent — unwillingly, it was reported — to govern India. Opinions differ concerning his performance there. It was an anxious and difficult period, and there was considerable disorder. The white population felt that their interests had been neglected, and that the prestige of Great Britain suffered in consequence. His successor, Lord Willingdon, adopted a firmer line with highly satisfactory results. But it may well have been that Lord Willingdon's firmer line would have proved impossible if the way had not been prepared for him by the conciliatory methods of Lord Halifax. It is a question upon which Anglo-Indian opinion is likely to remain divided.

Soon after his return from the East, Halifax was appointed to the Ministry of Education. No doubt the domestic cares of that tranquil office proved very uninteresting after controlling the lives and liberties of 350,000,000 Orientals. In any case, the impression conveyed on his subordinates was that Lord Halifax took little interest in the work, and could with difficulty be prevailed upon to wander round the country distributing prizes to industrious school children, which is the principal occupation of the Minister of Education.

It came, therefore, as a surprise when he, who had always been so

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much a man of peace, was appointed to the War Office — a position which he held for less than six months. At the moment when the War Office began once more to be considered one of the most important offices of state he was removed from it and became Lord Privy Seal — a post which in peacetime, at least, is practically a sinecure. It was then the general feeling that Lord Halifax's race was run, and that on the death of his father, who was then still alive, he would retire gracefully to his broad estates and the life of a country gentleman, for which he had frequently given the impression that he longed.

II

This period, however, was one of tremendous diplomatic activity, and when Anthony Eden became Foreign Secretary he often accepted the help of the one Minister in the Cabinet who had least to do. It was in this way that Halifax first became implicated in foreign affairs. In the autumn of 1937, with Mr. Eden's very doubtful acquiescence, the Prime Minister sent Halifax to pay a visit to Hitler. Chamberlain hoped that some good might come of it. None did. Halifax regarded the Nazi leaders with the mild surprise of a great gentleman who wanders unannounced into the servants' hall and finds the behavior there very different from that to which he has been accustomed. His report on them was, in effect, that they were very queer fellows, but he could see no harm in them and he was glad to say that Hitler had promised him never to interfere with Austria or Czechoslovakia.

When, therefore, Mr. Eden found it impossible to continue any longer as Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary, Halifax was the most obvious choice as his successor — not that he had shown any particular ability or prescience, but because it was felt that he represented the views of the Prime Minister, rather than those of the late Foreign Secretary. His two years' tenure of that office has been marked by the occupation of Austria, the attack on Czechoslovakia, the capitulation of Munich, the betrayal of Prague, the conquest of Memel, the assault on Albania, the Russo-German agreement, and finally, the European War. . . . And Mr. Chamberlain feels strongly that, with such a record to his credit, Halifax is the man best qualified to succeed him.

The other two aspirants for the same post — the other two mem-

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bers of the Big Four — have this in common with Lord Halifax: they have both occupied the position of Foreign Secretary, and in that position they have both been conspicuous failures. Unlike him, however, their failure was so conspicuous that they were each in turn dismissed from the appointment — Simon reduced to the less important office of Home Secretary, and Hoare compelled to enjoy a well merited holiday.

Sir John Simon is a great lawyer. Whether the law is the best training for politics is an open question. It is certainly good training for public speaking, but it may be that to acquire the habit of always speaking to a brief is to lose the power of forming an independent opinion. When Simon is sure of his case, there can be no better exponent of it. The speeches that he made during the General Strike did actually contribute towards its collapse. It may seem unfair, but it is not unnatural, that the more expert the advocate the more suspicious the audience grows of his sincerity. They cannot help feeling that so brilliant and so persuasive an orator could probably speak equally well on the other side of the case. And even when Simon is at his best, this haunting doubt still lingers.

He has had a longer political career than any other member of the present Cabinet, except Winston Churchill. He sat as Attorney General in the Cabinet of 1914, and was one of those who were most reluctant to declare war, going so far on one occasion as to offer his resignation. When the war was at its height he did actually resign rather than agree to conscription, and spent the rest of the war serving in France. Handsome, genial, and witty; highly cultivated, and an excellent golfer; he has yet never found it easy to make friends. His nature is fundamentally reserved and cold. He struggles to overcome this congenital disadvantage, but the only result of his efforts is that his reserve seems disingenuous and that his cold feels clammy. He might have been Lord Chancellor of England — a post most envied by lawyers — more than twenty years ago, but he refused it in the hope that he would one day be Prime Minister. That hope is never likely to be fulfilled. He has few friends, but still fewer followers, and even the members of the National Liberal Party, of which he is titular head, do not regard their chief with unswerving loyalty and devotion.

Sir Samuel Hoare has neither the personal charm of Lord Halifax,

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nor the forensic ability of Sir John Simon, but he possesses singleness of purpose and a determination to excel in everything that he does. He shares with Halifax deep religious convictions, and is an adherent of that same branch of Protestantism which is most nearly akin to Rome. This serves as a bond between the two men. He is incapable of oratory, and is perhaps the dullest speaker in the House of Commons. But every job that he has had to do, with the solitary exception of the Foreign Office, he has done well.

He was a good Secretary of State for Air at a time when England was rapidly disarming and the Service Ministers had to fight for every penny that they could squeeze out of the Exchequer. He was an admirable Secretary of State for India, and steered the Government of India Act through the House of Commons with indefatigable skill and patience in the face of violent and truculent opposition. During the short period that he was at the Admiralty, he won nothing but good opinions, and before the outbreak of war he had shown himself a broadminded and courageous Home Secretary.

His failure at the Foreign Office and compulsory resignation were due to the now-almost-forgotten, but once-notorious Hoare-Laval proposals, the merits of which will not here be discussed. Suffice it to say that, had they been adopted, it would have been far better for the King of Ethiopia and his people than what eventually took place. Sir Samuel Hoare's mistake, however, was not so much the plan that he proposed, but rather his failure to gauge the state of public opinion.

It was, perhaps, not surprising that he should so fail, for he is not one who mixes with the throng or feels at home in a crowd. The smoking room of the House of Commons is the place where members relax and refresh themselves in an atmosphere of non-party geniality. It is the only room in the building that justifies in any way the claim that the House of Commons is the best club in the world. There, in the old days, it was possible to see Mr. Baldwin, leader of the Conservative Party, chatting with Mr. Maxton of the Independent Labor Party, or a future Duke arguing with George Buchanan, who used to sell papers in the streets of Glasgow. But there are some members who never set foot within the smoking room. Mr. Chamberlain is one, and although Sir Samuel Hoare visits it occasionally, one feels that he does so as a duty, that

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his eye is on the clock, and that after twenty minutes he will be gone, feeling that that part of his day's work is concluded.

Sir Samuel is a first rate shot, a good lawn tennis player, and comparatively late in life has taken up skating and reached such a degree of proficiency that on one occasion he issued invitations to his friends to come and witness an exhibition of his skill. Slim and dapper, perfectly dressed for the occasion, he whirled around like a ballet dancer before the eyes of his astonished colleagues, seeming anxious to prove to them that there was no feat of balancing he could not perform.

III

These, then, are the Big Four. For just two years — that is, since Anthony Eden's resignation in February, 1938 — they have been in supreme control of the destinies of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Whether the larger numbers of the so-called War Cabinet, which amount to about a dozen, have assumed their functions, it is difficult to say. The accusation that the Four still form an inner junta has been publicly brought up in the House of Commons and indignantly repudiated. But a committee of twelve is still too large for the practical demands of the situation, and two or three personal friends of the Prime Minister can have more frequent meetings with him, at which matters are discussed and decisions taken, without any constitutional incorrectitude. The British people would not object to such a procedure, but if they had to choose the four Ministers in whom they have the most confidence, it is a matter for speculation how many out of the four in question would be among the number.

Against the background of these somewhat dim and colorless individuals, the dominant personality of Winston Churchill stands out in vivid contrast. He has the gifts they lack — imagination, brilliance, genius. His career has been a romance from start to finish. As a cadet at Sandhurst, he was thrown out of the famous Empire Music Hall for making a speech in the lounge in favor of liberty. As a subaltern in the Army, he spent his holidays visiting any corner of the globe where a war happened to be in progress. And so he saw the campaign in Cuba, narrowly escaped death on the Northwest frontier, took part in the charge of the Twenty-First Lancers at the battle of Omdurman, was captured by the Boers

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in South Africa, escaped, and wandered destitute for days with a price upon his head.

He entered Parliament before he was 30; quarreled with his leaders and changed his party; held in succession the posts of President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary of State for War, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Chancellor of the Exchequer; quarreled with his party again, and for ten years has been out of office, during which time he has consistently foretold the disaster which has now occurred, and urged the Government either to prevent or prepare for it.

In the intervals of this crowded life, he has written a score of entrancing volumes, including one novel, and has painted pictures without number. He has built houses with his own hands, being an expert bricklayer, and has enjoyed to the full all the pleasures of life, for which he has an inexhaustible appetite. He is both the most powerful and the wittiest speaker in the House of Commons, and is one of the masters of English prose. The Germans have done him the honor of singling him out as their principal adversary, and have almost identified the cause of England with his name. The English people also are beginning to turn to him for that leadership which all men demand in times of danger, and for which his speeches since the outbreak of war seem to prove him eminently equipped.

Genius and versatility are two qualities which the English regard with deep suspicion, and they have, hitherto, stood in the way of Winston Churchill's popularity. But stern times demand the removal of mediocrities, and the granting of full scope to first-rate ability. That Winston Churchill possesses such ability nobody ever doubted. A year ago, Mr. Chamberlain sneered at his lack of judgment. But his judgment has proved right and Chamberlain's has proved wrong. It remains to be seen how much longer the English people will be content to be governed by those whose record is a succession of failures.

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▶ *No Grapes of Wrath for migrants in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.*

THE NORTHWEST, OUR PROMISED LAND

By Frank J. Taylor

In the past five years, close to 200,000 refugees from the drouth areas of the Prairie States have migrated to the Pacific Northwest. Their jalopies are not crowding the pavements, as they do in California, nor are there makeshift squatter-camps eyesores along the highways. Few are asking for Relief. Most of those who have been in the Northwest for two years or more have realized their dream of a plot of ground, a vegetable garden, a cow, and some chickens.

Except for the thousands of new cabins among the stumps at the edge of the forest, and the crowds of agricultural workers in the hop fields and the apple orchards, one would hardly suspect that a poverty-stricken horde of refugees had descended upon Oregon, Washington, and Idaho in numbers as great, in proportion to the population of these states, as the trek of the *Grapes of Wrath* people to California. In the Northwest there is no sign of wrath. The newcomers are welcome, and most of them are happy. Colonel Walter Pollitz, head of Washington's Farm Placement Service — the agency most migrants use to line up jobs — explained it this way:

> We haven't any farm labor surplus up here. A good worker can average seven or eight months' work at three dollars a day. He may have seventeen different jobs during that time, but he's not idle. When the harvests are in, he looks at a piece of stumpage land and he sees green grass and he thinks of a cow and a garden. He sees the stumps and says, "There's wood to keep us warm in winter. I can farm around those stumps and worry them out in my spare time." That's what he does and you don't see him loafing along the highways between jobs because he's worrying a stump somewhere. These people are real pioneers and my hat's off to them because they don't ask a thing but a job and a little piece of land.

A few days later at Salem, the director of the Farm Placement Service for Oregon, added an almost identical report on the migrants in that state. The Farm Placement Service, supported jointly by the federal government and the states, tries to keep newcomers from wasting time and gasoline in aimless job hunts. It maintains regional employment of-

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fices where the farmers phone in for workers and the workers check in for leads on jobs — 21 such offices in Oregon, 14 in Washington, 12 in Idaho.

While we were talking an ancient car pulled up in front of the office. On its side was painted the slogan, "Oregon or Bust." Inside was packed the Thomas family, Zeb, the Missus, three small children, and their goods and chattels.

"Know anybody that needs a good farm hand?" began Zeb.

"Where are you from?"

"South Dakota."

"There's a farmer down by the river who says he'll hire anybody from Dakota. It's hop picking."

"I'm his man," said Zeb. "I guess anybody from Dakota knows how to work."

The Farm Placement official looked over the Thomas jalopy and family appraisingly.

"How are you making out?" he asked.

"Not bad at all," replied Zeb Thomas. He pulled a notebook from his pocket and studied it. "We left Dakota with $96. We made $23 in strawberries, $56 in cherries, $30 haying, $24 wood chopping, $42 picking beans, and $90 in the prunes. We got started late this year, but I figure we're good for a hundred in the hops, all of us picking, another hundred digging spuds, and if I get on as sorter in potatoes, that ought to mean $50 or $60 more before winter. Last summer I had sixteen jobs in six months and made $700. We wasted it goin' back to Dakota. This winter we're not goin' back. I'm goin' to get a little piece of ground and build a shack and get a cow. If we can sell the old farm back home, we'll put that in more land. Mister, this country looks good to me. Plenty of rain. Everything green. Well, so long."

"There's a fellow who'll catch on," said the Farm Placement man.

Pacific Northwest migrants come in three distinct streams. One flows from the northern prairie states, bringing mainly Dakotans, who make up almost one-fourth of the total. Another, with Nebraskans, Coloradans, and Kansans, follows the old Oregon Trail from Salt Lake. The third tide moves in from California. Oklahomans are most numerous in this group, which flows into Oregon and Washington to pick fruit, vegetables, and hops, then ebbs south again before the rainy season sets in. Most of the Dakotans, Nebraskans, Coloradans, Kansans are taking root in the Northwest. Most of the agricultural workers

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from the southern prairie states are not; they remain migrants, wintering in California, where sunshine and Relief are considerably more plentiful.

There are exceptions, even among the Okies. On a Wenatchee apple orchard, I listened to Fred Pike, who came from Oklahoma three years ago.

"We got here with a gallon of gas and 63¢," said Fred. "We had to stay because we couldn't go on. I told the boss here how we had to have work and a place to live, and he said, 'There's a cabin you can use, and you can milk the cow and do the chores.' He gave us milk and eggs and some groceries. I started a vegetable patch for him and for us, and worked so hard he gave me $20 a month to boot. So we were sitting pretty."

Besides doing the chores, Fred and his wife found time to raise chickens and ducks. In the harvest, he got in two months, at an average of $8 a day, picking apples and pears. Working in a packing house, his wife picked up another $100.

"We're getting somewhere up here," concluded Fred. "We've got almost $600 saved up. When we get $1,000, we'll buy one of these abandoned orchards. I can make her provide us a good living."

II

Aside from their background, there are several reasons why these refugees from the drouth states do better in the Northwest than in California. There is plenty of cheap land, particularly in the cut-over areas, where lumber companies will sell stumpage farms for as little as $10 an acre. There is ample rainfall to keep pasturage and gardens green. Second grade lumber is cheap and near at hand; for as little as $100 a family can buy enough material to put up a one-room shelter and a small barn.

In a trip around the shores of Puget Sound, I saw thousands of these new unpainted cabins. Around each was a garden, with its inevitable half-acre of potatoes, its corn patch, berries, and vegetables planted between the charred stumps. Oregon's Willamette Valley is fringed with them, too. Other thousands of the newcomers have taken root on abandoned farms. The Northwest Regional Planning Commission's surveys indicate that more than 38,000 families have moved into the area in five years. Most of them have found their little piece of land somewhere in the moist, mild valleys west of the Cascade range.

An experienced Northwest farmer

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shies away from stumpage farms, knowing that it costs around $100 an acre to clear the land by hand. With Diesel-powered bull-dozers, the stumps can be pushed out and piled for burning at a cost of $40. But the land-hungry folk from the prairies can't afford bull-dozers, so they ignore the blackened stumps, half-hidden among the weeds and wild flowers, and lay out their gardens in the soil between.

"How much rainfall is there here?" is the first question they ask. To them, forty inches of rain, a good share of it during the summer growing months, is a blessing outweighing stumpage clearing. Between jobs in the harvests, they chop away at roots. Most families clear about two acres a year. An acre cleared is $100 gained. Land that sells for $10 per acre with stumps on it is worth $100 or more when cleared.

The Northwest Regional Planning Commission, which has had Oregon, Washington, and Idaho under the sociological microscope in connection with the government's dream of rehabilitating the drouth-harassed farmers of the western prairie fringes, has made a remarkable discovery. Today's settlers, fighting the stumps for existence, are of the same stock, and come from the same states, as did the pioneers who originally wrested the farms of the Northwest from the forest.

The several federal agencies working out the resettlement program for the Department of Agriculture are concerned because drouth refugees have come west before the government was ready for them. Though the Farm Security Administration has aided about five thousand families with federal loans, to enable them to buy land, there is still misgiving lest some of the newcomers find conditions too difficult for profitable farming. But none of the settlers with whom I talked shared this feeling. Few of the former Dakotans and Nebraskans who have dug in on stumpage lands or abandoned farms are asking for help. They may be only subsistence farmers now, but they are wresting better livings from the rich soils than they enjoyed back on the Prairies, and they are satisfied.

He pointed to his three cleared acres, mostly in vegetables, his cow, hogs, chickens, turkeys among the stumps, the pile of wood by the barn, the extra room he had just added to his clapboard house, the school bus into which his three children had just climbed.

"What more could a man ask?" he exclaimed, with pride.

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"We don't need a cash crop," he replied. "I pick berries in the spring, vegetables in the summer, apples and hops in the fall. I pick up five or six hundred dollars. That's a lot of money in this country, Mister. And when we get about fifteen acres cleared, we're going to be in clover."

III

The Oregon and Washington harvests come to a peak in September and October, when the Willamette Valley needs 35,000 extra workers to pick the hops. Yakima Valley needs 30,000 for hops, and together with Wenatchee Valley, 12,000 more, for the apple deal. These are the months when the Northwest, like California agriculture, cries for harvest hands by tens of thousands. But, unlike California's idle fruit tramps, the Northwest migrants are occupied after the harvest is past, because most of those who stay in the Northwest are busy wrestling with stumps.

Oregon, Washington, and Idaho together, with only 3,000,000 inhabitants, are larger than France, with its 40,000,000 people. The U. S. Soil Conservation Service, found 5,000,000 unused acres suitable for intensive farming. Some of this vast domain is in pasturage, some must be cleared, part of it must be drained, and more must be irrigated before it can be farmed prosperously. Though this same authority holds that 3,000,000 acres now under cultivation should be returned to grazing land, there is still a net surplus of 2,000,000 acres which can easily provide 50,000 forty-acre farm homes, not including the Columbia Basin Project, where water from Grand Coulee will add 30,000 additional small farms. So there is still lots of room in the Northwest for a family that's willing to lift itself by the bootstraps.

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PRESS AGENT TELLS ALL

By Arthur Lockwood

Press agents are with us still. I mean the real press agents, who carry their offices in their hats, their possessions in their vests, and depend for a living on tall stories concocted at the drop of an adjective and promoted into the newspapers. The PA's luster has been dimmed lately by those playboys of propaganda, public relations counsellors, and by an increasingly sober reading public. But the practicing press agent is still around, despite depressions and city editors who are not as gullible as they used to be. In case you have been wondering how press agents practice their screwy art in these changed times, let me say that they work pretty much as they always did. I can prove it, because I have been a press agent through the lean years.

In fact, I'm a PA because of the depression. Until a few years ago I was a reporter; then suddenly I was out of a job when newspaper jobs were scarce. I lived in Greenwich Village at the time, and one day I had to borrow $5 from a long-haired artist friend. Like so many artistic folk, this fellow was a flint-hearted businessman. As he turned over the five-spot to me he intimated that, as an ex-newspaperman, I should be able to get his name in the papers in return for the loan. So, under the baleful eye of this Shylock, I sat down and concocted a bulletin saying that he had just succeeded in signing a model to pose for him exclusively for the next five years. This was, of course, slightly unusual — but the terms of the contract were more so: the model was forbidden to fall in love, drink, smoke, go to parties, or stay out late. This work of art was dispatched, together with a picture of a pretty model, to city editors all over New York, and to my surprise they fell hard for it. The tabloid *Graphic* fell hardest, giving us a two-column picture under this headline:

Beauty Hog-Tied by Artist For Loveless Five Years

Such was my entry into the world of publicity, and I didn't even have

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to pay the model whose picture we used. Why? That was no model; that was my wife.

My first venture into publicity got quick personal results. An advertising agency, among others, solicited my services on behalf of the Yonkers Ferry, which had been running in the red ever since the opening of the George Washington Bridge. This ark struck me as the world's most newsless subject, until I remembered the Bonus Army, then encamped in Washington. The logical follow-up, it seemed to me, was a Bonus Navy, with transports furnished by none other than the Yonkers Ferry Company. I sent out a teaser to the press and the response was electrical; the prospect of five hundred gobs embarking for Washington was a godsend to editors who were feeding their readers dreary accounts of Bonus Camp life.

Follow-up stories on the Navy were played up big, and the Yonkers Ferry expressed itself as delighted by the publicity and asked for more. Over a period of years I gave it to them.

Much ferry stuff has gone through the mill since the Bonus Navy story, most of it manufactured out of a completely blue sky. The stories followed the immemorial pattern, but they clicked. One described how Hudson River traffic had been tied up when a Russian wolfhound leaped over the forward rail of the ferry after a seagull. Each year the journals fell for stories on the controversy over the ban on shorts for women on Yonkers streets, and published pictures of girls shedding their skirts at the ferry's "skirt check booth." The radio March of Time brightened up a broadcast with a lively anecdote about a Yonkers Ferry cashier who took a pig as part payment from a caravan of gypsies. Some of the papers gave front-page play to the story of a canoeist who attempted to hitch-hike across the Hudson in the suction of the ferry's wake.

By far the most successful ferry story of all came to me as I read, in a scientific magazine, a ponderous article on the westward migration of game over the centuries. I thought this over for a while, and then arranged for the proprietor of the London Pet Shop in New York (this shop was a client of mine) to call all the newspapers and ask whether it was true that squirrels were emigrating westward across the Hudson. If so, the proprietor said, it would explain the disappearance of some of his stock. He referred to me as the source of the story about the mi-

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gration, and, when the editors called me, the saga of the Yonkers squirrel migration began.

Next morning the New York papers displayed stories telling how employees of the Yonkers Ferry, arriving at work the day before, had found the banks of the Hudson lined with hordes of New England squirrels, vainly trying to swim across the river. When the gangplank was lowered, the account continued, the squirrels rushed aboard the vessel, driven west by a primal urge. Rewrite men all over reveled in this yarn, going into the origins, antecedents, and folkways of the genus squirrel. It was used in radio broadcasts and magazines, and today it constitutes, together with Anna Held's milk bath and other immortals, one of the chief campfire tales when the talk turns to publicity. The New York Central railroad attempted to climb on the bandwagon by solemnly stating that a herd of migrant squirrels had been discovered at Harmon, N. Y., where they attempted to board the Twentieth Century Limited; and the climax of the whole business came when the *Literary Digest* ran an article by Dr. H. E. Anthony of the American Museum of Natural History. The title was SUN SPOTS AND SQUIRREL MIGRATION, and it discussed at length the Yonkers Ferry squirrels and their urge to follow Horace Greeley's advice.

II

The squirrel story didn't end there. The city editor of the New York *World-Telegram* sent one of his feature writers to the London Pet Shop, in search of additional squirrel material. Mr. Zimmerman, the owner of the shop, told the reporter the following sad tale:

> It just happens that a fellow who was crossing the Hudson on a West-bound ferry a couple of days ago with a crab net which he was taking home to New Jersey reached over the side and scooped up a squirrel, which he brought in here and sold to me.
>
> My man wanted to give the squirrel some exercise, so he put him in a closed wheel. Nothing doing. I came in and saw right away what was wrong. The head of the squirrel was facing East. I turned him around, and he ran for twenty-seven consecutive hours.
>
> Every fifteen minutes he would look over his shoulder hopefully, like he expected to see the station sign at St. Joseph, Missouri, or Needles, Arizona. We had to stop the wheel or he would have worn himself down to the size of a mouse.

Having had this taste of publicity, the Zimmermans clamored for more. They possessed a chimpanzee, it appeared, whose screeches frightened customers from the shop and whose appetite for bananas placed them in danger of bank-

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ruptcy. The Zimmermans were sure that, by publicizing the chimp, they could sell it — which is where I came in. My first attempts at getting the hungry primate in the papers were highly unsuccessful. I rushed her to a dentist and to a maternity hospital, with not a tumble. Then I bumped into a man who ran a nudist colony. I persuaded this worthy to proclaim himself the dean of American nudists, and announce arrangements for a New Year's Eve nudist party to be given by the Spartan Society of New York. In outlining this festivity to the press, he casually announced that, in view of the broad principles of his organization, he had decided to initiate a chimpanzee into membership. The chimp, of course, was my old friend and the nudist was now a client of mine — I was working both ends against the middle. As scheduled, the chimp frolicked with the nudists, and we cornered the New Year's human interest market with a pipedream about the rites by which she was initiated and thereby cured of flat feet. Some papers even ran a picture of the chimp and the Zimmermans' daughter, holding hands.

Next I worked my tailor into this story, at the rate of a suit of clothes per mention. Immediately after the success of his New Year's ball, the nudist announced elaborate plans for a celebration in the country. He professed himself baffled, however, by the problem of transporting the votaries to the wilds, *au naturel*. I suggested that he get a tailor to make some togas, which the nudists could wear on the train and discard in their sylvan glade. Naturally I sent him to my tailor, and made sure that there were reporters present when he arrived. The boys devoted columns to the negotiations for the togas, and the exchange of a deposit check. Next day they informed a waiting world that the deal was off. The tailor, it appeared, had returned home elated by his big order, but his wife told him that she thought nudists were immoral people whose money was unclean, and besides "Nudists are ruining the tailoring business. Have nothing to do with them." The gag worked like a charm; the *News* rewarded us with this immortal headline:

Clothing Spartan Nudists Dirty Business, Sez Tailor

Of course, I have failed with stunts as well as succeeded. Once I persuaded a Times Square hotel to feed and house me in return for occasional stories. First I worked up a story saying that Eugene O'Neill,

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the playwright, was born in the hotel (he was) and that the management planned to open an O'Neill museum in one of the rooms. This shrine, however, was not to be; the playwright got wind of it and stopped it quickly. Next an Indian couple at the hotel were expectant parents. I dished up a story about the birth of a papoose in the heart of Times Square — but the management stopped me. The Vanishing Americans owed six months rent. Again, the fleet was in and many of the guests were sailors. I prepared a release saying we were going to swing hammocks in the rooms for the comfort of the gobs. The manager tore his hair out at that one. "My God," he cried, "we've got enough fairies in the house already without publicizing sailors."

I did better for this hotel with stories about the movie director's wife who had a pet fox, with the old fellow of 88 who was en route to the Klondike to prospect for gold, and with the girl and the wolfhound in the Broadway play, the locale of which was Moscow in dead winter. Everything was fine in the lives of these two thespians until someone pointed out to the play's director that, despite the icy temperature, the dog still sported his summer coat. Infuriated at this breach of realism the director started to throw both of them out. The girl begged for another chance and, when it was granted, moved herself and the dog, whose name was Austra, up to a tent on the hotel roof, where the cold winds would change the hound's coat. The papers printed pictures of them huddled forlornly in the tent. One was captioned:

AUSTRA TRIES AIR FOR HAIR

III

From the hotel I skipped to publicizing a Brooklyn hospital, the authorities of which offered me $50 every time I got the name of the institution in print — and I always need $50. First I chose the most attractive nurse in the place and evolved a dramatic story telling how, in the course of a single week, she had given blood transfusions to four new-born babies, thus saving their lives. The tabloids used pictures of all the principals in this case — except, of course, me — and the more sedate papers embellished the human interest nicely. The nurse herself received an avalanche of mash notes; a Chicago trolley car conductor even rushed East to propose. The hospital authorities were delighted — almost as delighted, in fact, as

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they were by the next story I did for them, which got an even bigger play from the papers. This bijou told how the entire noisy neighborhood in which the hospital was located remained in hushed silence for eleven days while a patient fought for life in a tent on the hospital lawn. My story was that after a serious operation the patient had been too weak to be moved upstairs to the hospital sun-porch to get the sun and air essential to recovery. Hence she was rushed out to the lawn and the tent put up around her. An enterprising reporter might have discovered that the trip from the operating room to the lawn was considerably more arduous than the one to the sun-porch, but no one thought of this, and the boys went to town on the manner in which the neighborhood responded to the crisis. Said the *World-Telegram's* account:

> When a street peddler comes along someone goes out and cautions him not to yell so much about his bananas and onions. When truck drivers honk their horns the policemen in the vicinity give them some information about conduct on hospital streets. No rugs have been beaten out for eleven days. When children, made irritable by the heat, begin to squall, their mothers hush them and say, 'Remember the sick woman in the tent.'

One of the first of my nation-wide publicity jobs — now I have a lot — was the onion campaign, launched by the Zonite Company. In those days Zonite was advertised for feminine hygiene, and wasn't doing too well. I was called in to promote it as a mouthwash and gargle. Fortunately I was also able to make a tie-up with the National Onion Association, which was also undergoing hard times, and promoting the two together was easy. First I got a statement from a Yale professor stating that scientific breath-testing machines had proved that a chlorine solution would cure onion breath in thirty seconds. In Cincinnati two other professors quickly popped up with the statement that the only way to avoid onion breath was to avoid eating onions. At which I organized the Onion Anti-Defamation Committee and demanded a congressional investigation of the motives behind this last statement. (While this controversy raged, Zonite was being advertised as the one mouthwash that killed onion breath.) The Anti-Defamation Committee — headquarters in my hat — worked night and day, holding meetings to discuss the possibility of inventing an odorless onion, advancing legislation making it necessary for everybody to eat onions so that no one would be bothered by them, and writing scalding letters to ene-

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mies of the onion — to Walter Winchell, for example, protesting his constant and derogatory references to the noble scallion.

The papers recounted all these events with great solemnity, and for a long time no one suspected the tie-up with Zonite. Then one day we organized an Onion Parade in New York City, with a dozen trucks, floats, and an Onion King and Queen and their retinue, who waved onions in one hand and bottles of Zonite in the other. With this parade the Onion Anti-Defamation Committee showed its hand too plainly, but by that time Zonite sales were up 38 per cent and national onion consumption had trebled.

After such stunts — which, you might say, have to do with vegetables or minerals — I always find it a relief to get back to animal stories. Editors and readers like them, and they're correspondingly easy to plant. One of my accounts was a golf course in New Jersey. Next door to this course was a dude ranch which possessed, for atmosphere, a few prairie dogs. (Don't ask me why the dude ranch was located in Jersey; it baffles me, too.) Anyway, I borrowed two prairie dogs and peddled my yarn to the papers. The prairie dogs, I said, had been discovered one morning on the thirteenth green. At first they had been identified as oversize squirrels, easterners being unfamiliar with the appearance of gophers, but a westerner playing the course set everybody right. Whereupon it was decided that the dogs had been planted by rival golf courses to undermine the tees and greens, and the press raised a great hue and cry about fair play. A few months after this I got the club in the news again by inserting an advertisement in New York papers for "titled Europeans" to entertain the wives of the club while their husbands were playing. The duties of these noblemen were to include horseback riding, bridge, tennis, dancing, and charm at all times, all of which should have been easy for titled foreigners. But the plan miscarried, the explanation of the president of the club being duly chronicled:

> It was a noble experiment, but it wouldn't work and neither would the nobles. Our noblemen were often charming, but few would get up before noon. Many were adept at hand-kissing, heel-clicking, and other gallantries, but were about as dependable as the April weather.

But, as I said, I always like to get back to animal stories. A recent one, and a favorite of mine, featured the Hudson River Day Line, which this year ran an excursion boat

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to the New York World's Fair, Miss Aina Constant, a showgirl-model whose face has looked at you from innumerable ads, and her poodle. The fair Miss Constant, according to my story, was very fond of her poodle, who was named Migphal Extraordinaire, and their life was complicated considerably some years ago when a fortune teller warned her that she must never lead Migphal in an easterly direction unless it was over water. For several years Miss Constant had succeeded in obeying the soothsayer's injunction, but now she was anxious to visit the World's Fair, which is east of New York, and she wanted to take her poodle with her.

How could she do it without traveling eastward over land? Obviously the answer was the Day Line excursion. So, with considerable fanfare and photographers, she and the dog walked westward from her apartment to the dock and boarded the boat, which took them to a point east of the Fair. From there she went to the World of Tomorrow and home again without once walking east. . . .

So press agentry hasn't changed, even if the times have. The old hokum still gets newspaper space better than anything else. My friends the public relations counsellors maintain that it is impossible for them to get free space in the public prints for their exalted accounts. Your press agent knows the reason for this, and the stories I have told here should illustrate it sufficiently. Exploitation is a corny game, always has been and always will be. Any exploiter who gets too dignified to grease his stories with the hokum that editors and the public love is getting too good for the world he lives in.

IF

By Diane Farber

If I only had for one moment,
Out of all Eternity,
The power to woo a wish —
Just one magic wish!
I would send it to you
On the flaming wings of the dawn!

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▶ *Uncle Sam's Sultan rules in Sulu amidst court scandals and palace revolutions.*

MONARCHY UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG

By Irving Wallace

Ask the average American about Sulu and you probably will get a blank stare in reply. Yet Americans should be particularly aware of these two thousand tiny palm islands that lie south of the Philippines, for the Islands of Sulu are a Mohammedan monarchy actually owned and supported by the democratic United States. Further, Uncle Sam annually pays three thousand good American dollars in tribute to Sulu's coffee-colored Sultan, above whose ramshackle, two-room palace there proudly floats an American flag.

The Sultan is Ismale Kiram and he is the only hereditary monarch living under the protection of the star-spangled banner. Ismale is 34, an educated, soft-spoken bachelor who rules over 500,000 warlike Moros. He makes his headquarters in the island of Jolo, at the southernmost part of the Philippines, and as he drives around his domain in a battered truck his subjects fall to their knees and bury their faces in the dust.

Sulu has ever been a combination of the tragic and the comic. Its history might have been written by Eugene O'Neill, with words and music by Gilbert and Sullivan. The islands, however, should be considered as far more than oddities — especially if the Philippines win independence in 1945. For then the Moros may make trouble. They do not mind Franklin D. Roosevelt, but they consider the Filipinos an inferior people and feel they will lose face to take orders from Manuel Quezon.

Three years ago, Sulu's most famous monarch died. He was His Highness Padukka Mahasari Manaluna Hadji Mohammad Jamalul Kiram II, born thirty years before Dewey sailed into Manila Bay and already a legend at the turn of the century. He drove the Spaniards out of the southern Philippines, thumbed his nose at the rest of the world, and lived long enough to find his temporal powers taken from him by the United States and himself immortalized when George Ade wrote a musical comedy called *The Sultan of Sulu.*

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Sultan Jamalul Kiram II was one of the most colorful figures ever to sit on a throne. When diplomats and journalists journeyed from Manila to the capital of Jolo the Sultan stuffed his fat body into a gold-buttoned pongee suit, slipped his feet into patent leather shoes, and placed a maroon fez on his head. But that was just on special occasions. His regular dress consisted of a faded khaki shirt, riding breeches, and dirty tennis shoes.

Flat-nosed, thick-lipped, pock-marked, the Sultan's scepter was a gold-headed cane. Above all his jewels and gold, he prized a dime-store watch fob and a trick toy bird that sang when wound up! His means of transportation was an old-fashioned Ford truck, which he drove constantly, becoming a familiar figure to the hemp planters, who often hailed him with, "Hey, Sultan! What about a lift?"

The Sultan suffered from one vice: gambling. He picked it up from Pershing's boys in 1902. Almost every afternoon he would pilot his squeaking flivver to the South Seas Club in Jolo and there spend the day — and his income — at poker and fan-tan. The Koran allowed him only four wives. Quoting Akbar the Great, the Sultan used to say, "Four good wives are necessary. A Hindu to bear children, a Persian for conversation, an Afghan to keep house, and a Turk to beat up as an example to the others!" However, he got around the quota of the Koran by divorcing wives with a simple wave of his pudgy hand. His harem occupied six shacks adjoining his two-room palace.

The Sultan never worried about his income. Money poured in regularly. Besides the annual $3000 from the United States, he received $160,000 a year from pearl fisheries; $6000 from the Philippine government; $3000 for being a member of the Manila Legislature; $5000 in land rent from the British North Borneo Company; and finally, enormous profits from native taxes, private properties in Sulu, and monthly gifts.

Until the advent of the Americans, Sultan Jamalul Kiram II had the final word over an area of land larger than Delaware. But his Moros got out of control, and in 1902 General Pershing, then a Colonel, went into the bush and killed three hundred of them. Four years later, Governor Leonard Wood was obliged to shoot down six hundred more of the Sultan's army. At last the Sultan gave in, allowed the American flag to be hoisted, and promised to behave. To prove he was on the level,

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he made a trip to the United States in 1912, accompanied by wives, advisers, and $250,000 in pearls.

II

Since not one of his wives produced an heir, the Sultan adopted three daughters. First there was Princess Tarhata. The Sultan, with aid from the Philippine government, sent her to the University of Illinois. She caught on quickly, bobbing her hair and shortening her skirts. On graduation, she returned to Sulu, filed her teeth, chewed betel nut, wore a sarong, and gained the favor of her foster father. Then one day she joined the harem of a middle-aged chief and helped him organize a revolution, which failed. Instead of disowning her, the Sultan cussed Tarhata properly and advised her to go back to her knitting. Instead, she divorced the chief, and recently married a 52-year-old widower.

The Sultan's other important stepdaughter, Princess Nurijam, is still in action. A plump lady of 43, she ran the islands for the Sultan when he devoted his days to coconut-toddy parties, deer hunting, and Hoyle. She married an up-and-coming native lawyer and gained notoriety in Washington, when she bombarded Hoover and Roosevelt with angry letters because Americans were cutting in on her coconut revenue of $150 a month.

Princess Nurijam waddled into the international spotlight when old Jamalul Kiram, 72 years old and wrapped in a soiled red bathrobe, died in June 1936. The throne of Sulu was vacant and Nurijam coveted it. She placed her husband on the throne as Sultan *pro tem*, and then tried to build up her own popularity — which proved impossible. The Moros disliked her. She was too friendly with the despised Filipino government; she had been married in a civil ceremony, admitting publicly that the Mohammedan ritual might not be legal. Her hopes faded when the sage of Sulu, the Grand Vizier and right-hand man of the deceased Sultan, announced that the Sultan's brother, Rajah Mawalil Wasit, was the logical choice. Immediately, 3000 chiefs, waving glistening krises, gathered in Jolo and hailed Wasit their new ruler.

Princess Nurijam was desperate. One night a half dozen men invaded the royal palace, and tried to kill Rajah Wasit. He was too heavily guarded. Princess Nurijam went on a hurried journey to Manila, and bullied the National Assembly into stopping the new

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Sultan's pension. This also encouraged the British North Borneo Company to display typical English sportsmanship and discontinue the Sultan's $5000 land rent — "until the situation in Jolo is settled." When Rajah Wasit still refused to abdicate, the Princess finally said she was ready to call it quits. She invited Rajah Wasit for a peace parley — and drinks. Afterward the new Sultan became ill. In two days he was dead.

Again Jolo City's population of 5800 was swelled by the arrival of warriors from Java, Celebes, and Borneo. They were small, tan men with straight hair and shoe-button eyes, attired in black sateen tights and wearing dangerous bolos in their girdles. They agreed on one thing — they wanted nothing to do with Princess Nurijam. Wasit's 34-year-old-son, Ismale Kiram, ascended the throne. The Princess screamed that it was illegal. "Sultan Wasit was never officially crowned!" she shouted. "He can't pass a title he never possessed!"

But Ismale Kiram won out, becoming the new Sultan of Sulu, spiritual head of the Mohammedan Church, defender of the Faith, enemy of the Infidel and possessor of a 600-year-old genealogy. Today he is everywhere recognized as Sultan, receiving an annual pension from the United States, though the Philippines and the British, with a delicious disregard for fact, still withhold payment.

Princess Nurijam has for the time muffled her ambitions, and has decided to allow her husband to rise. According to the local State Department, husband Datu Umbra is today Sulu's representative in the National Assembly at Manila — a good job, especially on the day Philippine independence is assured.

But in the meantime, an educated brown man waves a magic scepter over 2000 islands in the Pacific and remains the only monarch under the American flag. Half a million of the best fighters on earth bow to the Sultan, but will the Sultan bow to the Philippines? Persons on the scene, knowing the religious Sultan and his stubborn followers, say No; there will be no compromise. If the United States releases the Philippines, the Sulu Islands will battle for their own independence.

But that's for the future. For the present, the paradox of a democracy controlling and approving of a monarchy is enough. . . .

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THE SLUMP IN AMERICAN WRITING

By Philip Rahv

The astonishing thing about the present slump in American writing is that everybody of note in the world of letters seems to be unaware of it. Accredited spokesmen of the creative life simply refuse to recognize that literature in America is suffering from an acute depression. You will learn nothing about it from critics and reviewers to whom the general reading public looks for enlightened opinions; from none of them will you glean even a suggestion that anything is seriously amiss with the literary situation.

How are we to understand the ostrich-like policy of the critical press? To my mind, the silence of this press is itself a symptom of the decline of creative standards during the last decade. The decline shows no signs of abating. Already, in the absence of more accomplished candidates, it has resulted in the promotion of some conventional, mediocre, and culturally backward authors to eminent positions in the hierarchy of the national letters.

Since the early Thirties, this retrogression has been so steady that at present even intelligent readers appear unable to discriminate between genuine literary art and that which is patently commercial and popular in character. Habituated to inferior products, most people have now ceased to be conscious of the superior levels attained by American writing in the Twenties, and, for that matter, during the entire period beginning around 1912 and ending with the crash of October 1929. This period was fecund with experiment and innovation. Nearly every year witnessed the emergence of lively and exciting talents, the rapid evolution of new styles, and the exploration of fresh and daring themes. Nothing like it had been seen in America since the middle decades of the nineteenth century.

Consider the plethora of talent that within two decades so transformed the literary scene. Fiction was rejuvenated by such novelists as Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Cather, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald,

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Faulkner, Hemingway, and Westcott. Poetry abandoned its imitation of conservative British models; the number of distinguished poets was large and varied, for it included names like Millay, Jeffers, Sandburg, Lindsay, Frost, Eliot, Pound, MacLeish, Cummings, Williams, Stevens, and Crane. In the drama there was Eugene O'Neill, who towers head and shoulders above the playwrights of our latter days who have turned the theatre to their own small uses. In literary criticism there were such expert practitioners as Mencken, Brooks, Lewisohn, Wilson, and Krutch.

The careers of the majority of these writers extend into the Thirties and Forties. Continuing to produce, they are generally regarded, and rightly so, as leaders of the literary profession. However, save for a few among them who have proven themselves exceptionally alert, the vitality of these several groups of writers has waned. By and large they have shown little ability to maintain the standards of their earlier work, let alone rise to higher levels. It might be said that while the older ones have prematurely aged, the younger seem lacking in the capacity to grow up.

This last point is best illustrated in the sphere of the novel, which in modern times is the major technique of writing. Few will fail to admit that, since *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith*, Sinclair Lewis has accomplished little of value so far as serious fiction is concerned. Dreiser and Anderson appear to have retired from the field. The later narratives of Willa Cather reveal that she has turned from the vigorous, though subtle, realism of her early work to the serenity of pious meditation. As for Joseph Hergesheimer and James Branch Cabell, the former is silent while the latter's newer volumes have succeeded in exasperating even those enthusiasts who formerly saw in him an American Petronius. Hemingway has been throwing his weight in more than one direction, yet only a fraction of what he has published in recent years measures up to *The Sun Also Rises* or to his first two collections of short stories. Fitzgerald is evidently bogged down in the composition of dreary society fiction. Faulkner's apparently endless series of horror stories, adding nothing to his stature, has sorely tried the patience of his public. Only John Dos Passos seems to have managed not only to hold his own but actually to develop and increase his powers. There can be no doubt that his trilogy, *USA*, is a far more

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mature and meaningful creation than any of his previous works. Despite numerous defects of method and conception, it certainly must be counted among the two or three solid fictional structures erected in the last decade.

The same situation obtains in the other literary forms, though in poetry the decline has by no means been so virulent as in prose. The greater number of poets with established reputations before 1930 — men like Jeffers, Frost, Sandburg, and Cummings — have been content to repeat themselves, yet a few have shown a remarkable advance. Wallace Stevens, especially, has never written with such mastery as in the last years. Among the newcomers to the poetic ranks one should note the militantly plebeian Kenneth Fearing, who was denied a hearing in the Twenties, and the young prodigal Delmore Schwartz. Unfortunately, whatever progress has been made in poetry has been largely at the price of its further removal from the interest and comprehension of readers. Modern verse is nowadays more unintelligible than ever, and a good part of it is difficult for no good reason.

But my main concern in this article is with the more recently successful authors, as well as with the dominant trends of the immediate past and of the present. In this area the decline of letters is most noticeable.

II

In the Twenties American writing was enlivened by a variety of tendencies, but in the Thirties only one tendency gained widespread support. This was the so-called proletarian movement which was as barren esthetically as it was politically insincere. Ostensibly a literature of the working class, it was really nothing more than a cultural publicity-agency for the Stalin mob in this country. It was not so much a literary movement as an organized distraction from the real business of writing; and to many of its members their much-advertised "social conscience" served as a heaven-sent opportunity to evade the primary obligations of their craft. As Van Wyck Brooks expressed it in a similar connection as early as 1918, their "social conscience" enables some writers "to do so much good by writing badly that they often come to think of artistic truth itself as an enemy of progress."

The justness of Mr. Brooks' observation is attested to by the fact that, of the numerous strike-novels

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produced in the era of the proletarian crusade, not one has survived as a living work of art, despite the loud salvos of critical applause from the Left that greeted their appearance. Indeed, it is in America that the communist tendency in literature proved to be most sterile. In England, for example, it can claim to have contributed to the inspiration of W. H. Auden, who, on a contemporary scale at least, might be described as a major poet. In France, it can take credit for providing André Malraux, some of whose novels will be remembered in the future, with a good deal of his material and with interpretive ideas. But all it seems to have accomplished here is to have lubricated the careers of people like Clifford Odets. Setting out to write for the masses, Odets and many of his ideological friends have ended up as writers for the classes. The full harvest of the "literature of social protest" has thus been reaped not by the poor and disinherited whom it pretended to represent, but by Hollywood and Broadway.

Recent political events have wholly destroyed the "cultural front." Its passing, however, has not improved the literary situation. A decade of fellow-traveling and revolutionary manipulation has drained American writing of so much of its energy that today it is left without a single esthetic school or program that could help to revitalize it. At present there exists no creative group which can properly be designated as the "younger generation" or as the "advance guard" of letters. The absence of an advance guard, whose function it is to push forward the frontiers of the literary imagination, means that literature has lost those aggressive and expansive qualities that characterized it throughout the modern period.

The measure of the decline can easily be gauged by comparing the more recently successful novelists and short story writers with their predecessors. It should be obvious at a glance that the literary production of the generation of Dreiser and Anderson, as well as that of Hemingway and Faulkner, is far superior to the work of such late arrivals as Thomas Wolfe, Erskine Caldwell, Albert Halper, John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, Frederick Prokosch, John O'Hara, Jerome Weidman, Millen Brand, et cetera. James T. Farrell seems to be the sole exception to the rule. Among the recognized novelists whose work first began appearing in the Thirties, he is, to my mind, the only one who has

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not succumbed to the enervating and distracting spirit of the times.

Let us take a closer look at some of the writers to whom the popular critics have of late been burning incense. The country is resounding with the fame of John Steinbeck, and even to hint that he is not a genius is considered bad form in respectable literary circles. Elementary critical hygiene, however, demands that we do not permit ourselves to be deceived about the real nature of Steinbeck's gifts.

Of the seven Steinbeck novels that have appeared to date, only one — that, of course, *The Grapes of Wrath* — deserves to be taken seriously by an adult reader. The first three are so bad that even Steinbeck fans leave them alone. *Tortilla Flat*, his first success, amounts to a somewhat pretentious version of the usual escape novel with an exotic setting. His next work, *Of Dubious Battle*, was a mediocre strike-novel crammed with melodramatic action and tediously didactic dialogues. This was followed by *Of Mice and Men*, a clever and well-made story, but no more. This leaves us with *The Grapes of Wrath*, which as a social document and a piece of sociological reporting is superbly vivid and certainly worthy of all the eulogies it has received, but which nevertheless is of no real importance as a work of literature. Regardless of the extraordinary interest it has aroused, and irrespective of how much good it might do in helping to alleviate the lot of the Okies, one can safely wager that in ten or fifteen years it will scarcely be remembered.

William Saroyan is another writer much in the public eye who badly needs a revised estimate. Saroyan possesses a vaudevillesque temperament — as a gag-man he has his points; in advertising and selling himself he has displayed uncommon ability — but he knows least about precisely what he should know most about: how to write a short story. He is so deficient as a craftsman as to seem almost wholly lacking in a sense of form. His numerous volumes demonstrate his incapacity to judge his material and organize it in unified and coherent patterns; nor, for that matter, is he any more apt at character-drawing or plot construction. He systematically evades all those problems of fiction the solution of which requires literary skill, imagination, power of thought, and a patient and sustained effort. Plainly he simply writes down anything that comes to his head, trusting that his sheer brashness in presenting such stuff will get him past the

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barrier of our critical faculties. The surprising thing is that the trick has worked. His first book, *The Daring Young Man*, still remains his best; since its publication his writing has progressively deteriorated, so that his latest stories consist of hardly more than random jottings interspersed with jokes. Racy language and a boisterous tone are the only qualities that Saroyan has to his credit.

As for his plays, they are, like his stories, haphazardly put together, though they are amusing enough. But the goofy thing about Saroyan as a playwright is that the dramatic critics insist on reading into them all sorts of "philosophical ideas." This last is a more hilarious joke than any Saroyan ever thought up, for whatever ideas his plays contain reduce themselves to a string of banalities. Saroyan's philosophy, if any, can be summarized thus: We are all, don't you know, simple little fellows with hearts of gold, harmless and lovable babes-in-the-wood, so why worry, keep smiling, every cloud has its silver lining, and so on and so forth until the curtain falls.

Despite individual differences of intention and method, what Steinbeck, Saroyan, and other successful writers of the same caliber are actually doing is conducting a remnant sale of the modern tradition in literature. They are wrenching out of their original contexts, denaturing, flattening out, and rendering marketable those insights, perceptions, and attitudes that in their pure form were once instrumental in changing radically the whole meaning and technique of literary expression. Steinbeck is a perfect example of this process. There is nothing in him which does not derive either from D. H. Lawrence (mysticism, treatment of sex), or from Hemingway (tough surface, violence, hard-boiled pose), or from the proletarian novelists (social message). There is no point, of course, in objecting to these influences as such, except that Steinbeck has understood none of the elements in his particular combination well enough to be able to use it without messing it up.

III

The literary decline can no doubt be attributed to the social and economic crisis of our time. But that does not absolve the literary critics from responsibility in the matter. Instead of pitting themselves against the trend to convert all and sundry mediocrities into "great" writers, they have not only gone along with the procession but

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actually put themselves at the head of it.

Today the well-defined frontier which in the past separated authentic criticism from mere newspaper writing about current books is being rapidly obliterated. Even in magazines with highbrow pretensions you will come upon stories by Saroyan, rapturous appreciations of Steinbeck, and awed references to Odets and Pearl Buck. Malcolm Cowley, literary editor of the *New Republic* — presumably an intellectual periodical — has for some years now been praising virtually the same books and boosting virtually the same reputations as the fly-by-night reviewers in the advertising mediums of the publishing houses. Not that critics devoted to preserving decent standards no longer exist. There are such, but they have been writing almost exclusively for obscure quarterlies with tiny circulations. Furthermore, they have of late been developing a kind of esoteric academicism which automatically shuts them off from any contact with a wider audience.

The lamentable state of contemporary letters may be a product of the social and economic crisis, but I believe that the more immediate cause, itself an effect of the crisis, is to be located in the changing status of American intellectuals. During the last decade intellectuals have become politicalized, and this emphasis on politics — apart from its meaning and our own attitude to it on strictly political grounds — has induced a profound change in the conditions of the literary life. So long as intellectuals kept aloof from politics, they constituted a special group maintaining a separate existence on the basis of superior cultural values. This put them in a position to provide a small but reliable audience to the integral, the experimental, and the genuinely new in writing and in the arts; and in the long run it was the standards accepted by them that gradually permeated the general public. Once the intellectuals dispersed in order to ally themselves with various political movements they inevitably tended to adopt habits of mind dictated by political considerations, and these considerations were such as to preclude an honest and disinterested approach to cultural problems. Thus the self-dissolution of the intellectual minority signified the beginning of the end of modern literature. For this reason one can confidently predict that only insofar as this minority recovers its independence, will literature regain its vitality.

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"Say, Mr. Clark—what is an Actuary?"

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SUPPOSE YOU WERE being shown through the Home Office of a life insurance company and came to a door lettered "Actuary." Perhaps you might be puzzled as to the meaning of the word.

Of course, if you turned to the dictionary, you would learn there that an Actuary is "one whose profession is to calculate insurance risks and premiums."

▶ This definition is correct, as far as it goes. But it falls far short of picturing the true scope of an Actuary's activities.

Nowadays his profession is highly specialized. It is a profession in which a man may hope to gain recognized standing only after years of intensive study and training. For he must have a thorough knowledge of the three complicated factors on which life insurance premiums are based . . . Mortality, Interest, and Expense.

For example, in order to arrive at premium charges which will be both safe and fair, the Actuary must make detailed analyses of the past and present death rates among many different groups of people. From these studies, he is able to compile mortality tables which provide an amazingly dependable yardstick for his guidance in computing premiums.

▶ The Actuary must also take into account the interest rate which the company may reasonably undertake to earn on the investments it makes for the benefit of its policyholders.

And in a mutual life insurance company, such as Metropolitan, the Actuary prepares data which enables the Board of Directors to determine the annual divisible surplus which will be returned to the policyholders in the form of dividends.

Another of the Actuary's duties, together with the legal staff, is to draw up the policy forms issued by the company.

He keeps running records of such important matters as mortality...the ages and occupations of people insured...the company's experience on outstanding policies. He also assembles data needed for the preparation of the Annual Statement, which is submitted to the proper state authorities, and forms a public record of the year's activities.

▶ In short, because of the nature of his work, an Actuary might well be defined as the "engineer" who helps design the "product" a life insurance company offers . . . and then figures out what the policyholders should reasonably pay for the benefits provided by their contracts.

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▶ *Variety is the spice of married life, according to a composite portrait of*

MRS. BRIGHAM YOUNG

By Anna Mary Wells

Mrs. Brigham Young was a notable housekeeper in a time and place where every woman was accomplished in the household arts. She was an excellent mother, a good cook and needlewoman, proud of her snowy laundry, skilful at gardening and the care of the dairy. She was also an executive, an editor, a poet, an accomplished public speaker, a midwife, an amateur actress, a missionary, a teacher, a musician, a charming hostess, and an excellent business woman. Her husband relied on her to serve as an example to the women of Utah in every field of endeavor. Many wives of 1940, struggling to embody all these virtues in one person, must feel that he had a good idea.

But being head of a family of twenty-seven wives and fifty-six children was a job in which Brigham Young found difficulties, although it is unhappily improbable that he ever really said, as one of his political enemies quoted him, "If polygamy is any harder on the women than it is on the men, God help the women."

For, with all her virtues, Mrs. Young had some vices, as must have been inevitable in any collection of twenty-seven women, whether married to one man or twenty-seven. She was, for instance, bad-tempered, jealous, vain, selfish, and in two instances unfaithful. She had from five to eight divorces in her record, including two from Brigham.

The exact number of Brigham Young's wives is still in doubt. Three of his daughters survive in Salt Lake City, and one gives the total number of her father's wives as nineteen. She has good authority for her inaccuracy; Brigham himself was never able to be very precise. He once told Horace Greeley that there were fifteen living when there were at the time eighteen. Polygamous marriages were never a matter of public record, but in his will Brigham made provision for all his widows and children. In 1919 one of his daughters compiled a careful genealogical record of the family which all subsequent biographers

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have accepted as accurate. This lists twenty-seven wives.

Brigham Young was middle-aged, and had contracted two monogamous marriages, before he heard of polygamy. Beginning at the age of 41, he made twenty-five marriages in twenty-seven years. Of the total number of his brides, fourteen were young girls, seven widows, three divorcees, and three previously married women whose status as widow or divorcee has never been made clear. Apologists for polygamy have claimed that he married a number of them merely to provide them with homes, and that they remained, in the Victorian phrase "wives in name only"; they were too Victorian to specify which and how many wives fell into this category. Of the twenty-seven, sixteen bore Brigham Young fifty-six children.

Brigham's first polygamous marriage was to Lucy Decker in 1842. Thereafter he married two women on the same day in 1843, three in 1844, three in '45 and, increasing in zeal, eight in '46. The legend started by M. R. Werner in his biography that on January 21, 1846, Brigham married two women in the morning, went home for lunch, and married two more in the afternoon has no discoverable foundation in fact. It was much more typical of Young's efficiency to marry the four in one ceremony. In 1847 he married two sisters at once; then skipped a year and married one woman each in '49, '50, '56, '63, '65, and '69. Twenty-four of his fifty-six children were born in the fifties of the century, which were also Brigham's fifties. This was his most fruitful decade. He had one child in 1825, five in the thirties, fifteen in the forties, nine in the sixties, and one in 1870. His wives varied from his own age to forty-three years younger.

II

The two monogamous marriages illustrated Brigham's fondness for contrasts. Miriam Works, his first wife, 18 when he married her, was a blue-eyed blonde, so frail that for most of the eight years she lived Brigham had to care for the house and children as well as earn the family living. He worked as carpenter and itinerant farm laborer until his conversion to Mormonism made him a part-time missionary.

Mary Ann Angell, the woman who, a year and a half after Miriam's death, undertook the care of two step-daughters, was a serious-minded zealot of almost superhuman fortitude. She bore Brigham

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six children in ten years, during which she was twice driven from her home in the dead of winter by mob violence. Her fourth child was born in a deserted military barracks, with the rest of the family too ill with malaria to give her any assistance. As soon as Brigham recovered from malaria, he left on a missionary journey to convert the British Isles. Having no overcoat, he took the quilt from the trundle bed.

All these trials Mary Ann accepted calmly, as tests of her religion. In 1842 it received what must have been the ultimate test, although Mary Ann never in her life confided to anyone what she thought about polygamy. In the summer of 1842 she stood beside her husband while he married 20-year-old Lucy Decker. The practice of polygamy was still secret at this time and for ten years afterward. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet and leader, feared that it was too revolutionary a doctrine to introduce all at once to a monogamous people. Therefore when Brigham married Lucy he moved her whole family in with his in order to conceal from the curious any irregularities in their relations. The intimacy increased to the point of inextricable confusion. The next year Lucy's father and mother were divorced, and her mother married Brigham's brother Lorenzo. A few years later Brigham married Lucy's younger sister Clara and Lucy's brother Charles married Brigham's daughter Vilate.

Perhaps misled by his good fortune in this second choice, Brigham made in 1843 what is generally regarded as his first matrimonial error — Harriet Cook was so famous for her temper that even her intrepid husband was supposed to be afraid of her. On the day he married Harriet, Brigham also married Augusta Adams Cobb, "a Boston lady of good social position." She was middle aged, married and mother of four children when Brigham Young spoke in Boyleston Hall in the late summer of 1843. Why a Boston lady of good social position should even have attended the meeting is hard to understand. But the matter did not stop there. She listened, was converted, and followed the backwoods missionary to his remote village on the Mississippi. Quite probably it was sheer inability to decide what to do with her that caused Brigham to marry her; she was totally unsuited to earning her living in a society like that of Nauvoo.

The following summer Joseph

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Smith was murdered, and leadership of the church fell into the hands of Brigham Young. One of his first acts was to arrange marriages for all of the widows of Joseph Smith. If unable to find another suitable husband he married them himself. All told he acquired six wives in this way.

Emmeline Free was the first of the polygamous wives in whose choice love is supposed to have figured. She was a tall, fair, blue-eyed young woman of 21 when Brigham married her in 1845. Until he chose a more spectacular wife in 1863 she was generally believed to be his favorite, appearing with him most frequently at public social functions and traveling with him on occasion. She bore him ten children — more than any other wife.

In the winter of 1846, when the Mormons were preparing to leave Nauvoo, Brigham married oftener than ever before or after. He married six women in January of that year, and two in February. Of these eight women only three bore children, and several took pains to make it clear that they were among the "wives in name only."

Zina Huntington married him early in February. She was a brilliant and ambitious woman, very proud of her ancestors and of her position in the church. In her early twenties she had married a devout young Mormon named Jacobs. A few months after this marriage she became the spiritual wife of Joseph Smith. Whether Jacobs knew of the arrangement is doubtful; Zina omitted him completely from her autobiographical sketches, and some accounts say her marriage to Smith was made while her legal husband was away on a missionary journey. Zina continued to live with Jacobs as his wife when he was at home, and bore him two sons. After Joseph Smith's death, however, she made public claim to being his widow, although she was still married to Jacobs. As all her children would belong in eternity to her spiritual husband, she is said to have suggested to Brigham Young that he would be a more suitable person to breed children for the prophet than humble Jacobs. Brigham consented, but only on condition of a final and clear-cut separation from Jacobs.

In Utah, Zina bore one child of Brigham Young's, a daughter who was her namesake. When Clara Chase died Brigham assigned the care of her four children to Zina, so that with the Jacobs boys Zina had seven to look after. But she never confined herself to domestic cares. The first winter in the valley of the

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Great Salt Lake she taught school. The next winter Brigham suggested that as there was a dearth of doctors in the community she might study medicine. She sent east for textbooks, devoured them, and served the family as midwife all during the prolific fifties. She established a woman's hospital and helped train nurses for it; starting with lectures on hygiene she became famous as a public speaker; at Brigham's suggestion she experimented with raising silk-worms to produce native silk in Utah, and she was active in any number of organizations. She was an ardent and eloquent proponent of polygamy, and spoke frequently and passionately in its favor.

Mary Jane and Lucy Bigelow were sealed to Brigham at one ceremony in March of 1847, a month before he started west. Mary Jane left him the same year; Lucy, as if to make up for her sister's defection, settled down to be a model wife and mother.

For the first years in Utah Brigham's wives lived in tents or huts. In 1856 the church completed a commodious adobe residence with twenty gabled bedrooms on the top floor to be used for the president's wives. Brigham had begun to realize that it would be possible to have too much of the society of women; he himself lived next door with Lucy Decker as housekeeper. An office and covered passageway connected the two houses. Brigham conducted prayers daily in the parlor of the Lion House, as the wives' residence was called, usually taking one of his meals there each day, and sleeping there as he chose, although he maintained a private bedroom behind his office. In addition Brigham had a farm four miles from town where his wives took turn presiding. He also had houses scattered throughout Utah, one at Provo, two at Saint George, and other places, and he generally established a wife in each. As he grew wealthier he also built private residences for a number in Salt Lake City.

Eliza Snow, the most famous of all Brigham's wives, never used Brigham Young's name. She was known under her maiden name as poet, editor, teacher and religious leader. She is generally spoken of as "The Mormon Poetess." She had been a spiritual wife of Joseph Smith, and her known piety and rectitude did much to dignify the state of spiritual marriage in the early days when even faithful Mormons distrusted it. After her marriage to Brigham Young she occasionally called herself Mrs.

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Smith, but never Mrs. Young.

Eliza published, among other books, two volumes of verse; she directed mission work among the Indians for many years, and contributed to the Mormon women's paper, *The Woman's Exponent.* She was universally admired as the most intellectual of the Mormon women.

III

The story of Eliza Burgess is the most charming idyll in the family. She came into Young's house as a servant girl after the death of her parents in Nauvoo. When she was 18 she asked Mary Ann if she might work for seven years without wages to earn the right to marry Brigham, as Jacob had worked for Rachel. Mary Ann, whom nothing ever surprised, consented, and Eliza carried out her part of the bargain. When she was 25 she married Brigham Young, and a year later bore her one child.

Harriet Barney was married first to a man named Seagers, and by him had three children. The last of these was born in 1855, and in March of 1856 Harriet married Brigham Young.

In 1863 Brigham married the famous favorite, Amelia Folsom. The commonly accepted story of their union is that Brigham Young, after a lifetime of unsentimental dealing with women, fell in love in his dotage and allowed the young object of his affections to lead him a merry chase. She is supposed to have enriched herself at his expense and returned no part of his affection. There is a good deal of reason for doubting this version. For one thing Brigham Young at 62 was not in his dotage; for fifteen years he remained an able administrator. Amelia, in spite of the rumors that her affections were disposed elsewhere, never remarried after she was widowed in her thirties. She never either owned or occupied the house that was pointed out as Amelia's Palace.

The more reasonable explanation of Brigham's conduct seems to lie in the act of Congress of 1862 which outlawed polygamy. For fifteen years the Mormon leaders had been telling their people to respect the law of the land, but to continue polygamy. Now it was expressly forbidden, and the people were in doubt. Brigham took the position that the act was unconstitutional, as it violated the religious liberties of the Mormon people, and advised his followers to continue polygamy. He had not himself married for seven years, but to emphasize the point he

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selected a young wife and appeared everywhere in public with her. That Brigham was fulfilling all the duties of a polygamous husband was further demonstrated by the birth of three children to as many of his wives in February 1863. He had previously fathered only four in four years, so that the connection with the anti-polygamic act of the spring of 1862 is striking.

Perhaps it was because Amelia remained childless that Brigham married Mary Van Cott two years later. In 1870 she bore a daughter, Brigham's youngest child.

A few years later Ann Eliza Webb seized the center of the stage as Brigham Young's most notorious wife. She was a young divorcee with two children when she married Brigham in 1868. The story in the Young family is that Ann Eliza's mother was anxious to see her well established, and begged the president to marry the girl. Ann Eliza herself said that he importuned her for months. In either case she found herself unhappy as his wife. For a while she lived on the farm, where she complained that the work was too hard and the house inconvenient. Then Brigham built her a cottage in town, but she did not consider it adequate for the wife of a nationally famous millionaire. She tried tears, hysterics, and ill health without success; finally she began to take in boarders in the hope of shaming Brigham into providing more liberally. He thought the enterprise showed some improvement in her character, and heartily approved.

In despair Ann Eliza hinted her discontent to some prominent non-Mormons in the city. With their backing she filed suit for divorce and $2,000,000 alimony; and began a national lecture tour to reveal the secrets of Mormonism. Although the divorce suit was eventually thrown out of court on the ground that she had never been legally married to Brigham, she succeeded in embarrassing him very seriously.

Brigham Young's descendants still provide the social leaders of Salt Lake City, all proud of his success in handling what was, at best, a difficult family situation. The grandchildren of the sixteen wives meet in the greatest amity at annual family reunions. But even in Salt Lake City, where the husband's statue dominates the central square, the names of most of Brigham Young's wives have been forgotten.

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ETERNAL DESTINY

By Jesse Stuart

Say you are here among these jutted hills
When I am dust, eternal dream, and mist;
Your eagle eyes will still survey the rills,
The cliffs, log shacks, and upland farms we missed.
My spirit will be with you when you see
The living liquid Spring on ferny steep;
When you are moving as the wind and free,
I cannot be eternal dreams that sleep.

Bear down upon me winds of destiny;
I'll show you how to sweat beneath a load!
I'll show you how to breathe hot wind that's free;
I'll show you how to climb a bony road!
Bear down upon me as you've always done
On roads of sleet and rain and mud and mire;
I'll show you that my climbing's just begun
With iron legs that will be slow to tire.
Sure as my body's blood will fill each vein,
The spending of these years cannot efface
These muscled legs, these lungs, this blood, and brain!
And the coming of the years will not erase
These little paths that hold me deep in mud,
This life I've known and loved and never lost
Beneath strong Destiny's wind-pouring flood
Will find that I shall fight though I am lost.

All yesterdays are dreams that slowly pass;
Today is life with April in the trees
And apple blossoms falling on the grass —
Tomorrow is the wind that laughs and grieves.
We walk today beside this wind-blue stream

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And laugh to April wind that laughs to us;
We climb steep bluffs of knee-deep trillium
Where fingers of spruce pines hang tremulous.
Another year before an April comes
When magic music from the whippoorwills
And silver rain's tattooing cliffs like drums
Will break the silence of these mighty hills.
Why does this mountain April have to fade
When we could dream where trillium blooms forever?
This April goes before our dreams are made
Swifter than music of a mountain river.

Life goes too easily with work to do,
And quietly where life is like a dream;
I love to watch the shadows shifting through
Green clouds of leaves to flicker on a stream.

How can one sing when muscles are so tired
After a day behind these mighty mules
Plowing new ground so rooty, rocky, hard,
It dulls the cutter on wild grapevine stools.
My mules are tough to plow this new ground clay;
There's not a dry hair on them any place —
My mules are tough and I'm as tough as they;
The sweat streams down my arms, my legs, and face.
Destiny is in my hands that hold
A cutter plow to eke out well-earned bread;
Destiny is not in minted gold
And unsubstantial words that I have said;
Destiny is muscled flesh, and brain,
The saw-log backbone and the stubborn will;
Destiny is stalwart corn and grain
And destiny will conquer any hill.

This is America if it is to be
A land of sturdy men with freemen's dreams,
Sturdy as mountains, free as wind is free
Plowing the slopes and bottoms by the streams.

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Kentucky moon rides high above tonight
In space of water-over-gravel blue;
It splinters on our farm gold shafts of light
And on our wheat where wind is nosing through.
Kentucky night when all life warmly stirs
Within green castles of wind-rustling leaves,
When stars explode and wind-blue water purrs
And wind whips through the cedar tops and grieves.
Kentucky nights will steal your heart away
If you live here in April, May, and June;
You will remember all is true I say
When you walk out beneath the harvest moon.
Go down red moon beyond our stalwart corn
In stilly darkness of this night so soon!
Fade from eternal hills dark and forlorn;
Fade quickly you red-charcoal-embered moon!
This is a night without the wind to stir
The green corn blades across the furrowed rows;
This is the night when creepy insects whir
Above the hoptoads on the drowsy meadows.
We do not need a moon red as an ember
To light our world of green, dew-covered, damp;
Ten million stars light up our sky remember
And fall exploding from our ceiling lamp.
Go down red moon and drag the sky behind you
To some far world of shadow, mist, and dream;
It would be great to follow and to find you
Beyond this hollow and the ridge's rim.

Before treetops are spotted autumnally
And volleying wind disturbs their falling leaves,
I'll stand beneath the soap-leafed black gum tree
To hear the tune a wind of summer grieves.
I want to hear its wheedling dismal tune,
The requiem for a summer soon to pass;
I'll stand beneath the honey-colored moon
To hear a recitation from the grass.

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LIFE AMONG THE ESCAPISTS

By Lawrence Martin

An Escapist, they say, is a slacker, someone who dumps his burden and slinks off, leaving civilization to get along as best it can. I am an Escapist, and I am aware that my kind are spoken of with scorn. This used to bother me, but after a practical, first-hand experience with escaping I know that I'm right and you're wrong.

In the first place, the nub of the matter is *what* you ran away from. If you have stolen, or killed, or made counterfeit money — well, that's a different matter and can't be defended. But I ran away from $10,000 a year plus overtime, from the climate and landscape of Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, New York, and McKeesport, Pa. I worked up from $3 a week at the age of 13 to $200 a week at 44. I worked up from a slum to a pretty series of cells in an apartment-hotel. I ran away in my prime, from a nice little beat, a well-worn groove, from home-cell to office-cell and back. I had bridge and cocktails; relatives; women's club lectures; a car. I had the ear of some editors. People told me that my well-worn groove was the road to Success . . . but I bought a one-way ticket to a foreign land. And I contend that what I did is right.

I ran away from ten years of telling organizations of frustrated housewives about the finer things of life. I ran away from sixteen years of teaching college students — for whom the world no longer has a place (except in war) — wisdom which they will never be asked to impart and skills which they will never be called upon to use. I ran away from clubs, telephones, traffic jams, the old rut, the corner cop, and my inability to say "no" to still another chance to make a few dollars. I ran away from Hearst, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Detroit *Free Press*, *Liberty*, Chairman Dies, Hamilton Fish, baseball-football broadcasts, and the haunting slums I had to ride through to reach the smug suburb which housed my $150 cave. I ran away from a thousand and one crosses and irritations which made me a tough hombre for a sweet woman to live with, and I

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took her along because she was a trial herself in that environment.

A man who runs away from a mess like that and manages to outdistance it may be an Escapist, but if so, then you can keep all the medals there are for staying put. I'm holding my head up. More than that, I want to tell any stay-putter how we dodgers and drifters are able to stay happy without the furniture and fixtures without which civilization would, I hope, perish. I am not out to bury Escapism but to praise it.

There are at least two kinds of Escapists. I have no truck with the tribe who escape into art, religion, seduction, booze, business — those who escape inside themselves. We others really beat it: take a train or boat and go far away, into a land as different as possible from wherever we were rooted. We tear the phone from the wall, give the radio to the janitor, cancel the subscription to the *Daily Dopesheet*, kiss the relatives goodbye, and hit for the nearest place where the climate is eternal spring and the cost of living is ceiling zero.

The gibbous planet which harbors Hitler makes up for it by sprouting such places, and in every one you will find at least one Escapist. Sometimes he is a Stewbum, a guy who tried to run away from himself and was licked at the start. Maybe he embezzled the firm's money or ruined a sweet, trusting girl. More often he is an all-right guy, like the chap that was playing tennis the other day at the Club Deportivo y Recreativo. At 28 he had made a modest pile out of advertising, and decided to retire immediately into life. Loading the wife and miscellanies into the trailer, he crossed into Mexico. They found a little house on a hill for $12 a month, a cook for $5 more, and there they are. The steam-shovel and breakfast-food industries have lost a trenchant pen, but my friend is not brooding about the gap he left behind. The brave boy is carrying on the best way he can up Tlaltenango way, letting his whiskers grow as they will, and living in a pair of shorts. I asked him what it was *he* had run away from, and holding me with his level gaze he said, "Los Angeles."

Besides the type that has saved a little on which to live, there are those who beat the home rap on a shoestring. Every now and then, in one part or another of this country, I run into Mac, who came here ten years ago as a canned-goods salesman. Mac cut the umbilical cord of business, and now loafs all over

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Central and South America with an old Dodge and a game wife, taking colored movies, collecting bugs and varieties of cactus, and making ends meet by supplying governments and associations with maps and reports on the condition of roads. There are tens of thousands of miles of road below the Rio Grande which have felt the caress of only one car, Mac's ten-year-old model.

An Escapist, then, is a man (or woman) who, having got fed up with the life unnatural, doesn't grouse about it or ask the proletariat to unchain him, but puts over a one-man revolution and changes his world. All he needs is $10 a week — pin money back home, but artichokes and orchids in exile.

II

Take Mexico, which has been my hangout for half a year now. Man and wife can live fancy here for $100 a month, for which amount you can even throw in the inlaws and half a dozen kids. "Fancy" means a large house with grounds, gardens, swimming pool, lime and banana trees, calla lilies growing in the brook, and roses, hibiscus, and bougainvillea rioting all over the place. The house will have four bedrooms, living room, kitchen, two bathrooms, large porch or veranda, and mirador or sun-roof. Furnished down to can-opener, pillow-slips, and flit-gun, this comes to $40. Often a gardener-gate-keeper is thrown in with the rent; a cook-housekeeper comes for $5 low, $7 high. Liberal allowance for food is $1.50 a day. That's about $92 a month; the eight dollars left over is for tobacco, wine, postage stamps, films, and so on. You can cut this in half if you can live in one bedroom and dispense with the swimming pool and grounds big enough for a game of ball. Did I say $10 a week? In Guadalajara, Colima, Manzanillo, and a dozen other beautiful places they will park and feed your carcass, good rooms and generous meals too, for as low as 62½¢ a day, which looks like $228.12½ a year to me.

Even this isn't bottom! If you know camping, hunting, and fishing, you can live for next to nothing along miles of broad beaches along the Pacific. The country from Las Peñas or Vallarta to Navidad to Santiago to Boca de Apiza to Sihuatanejo to Acapulco and on south is a paradise for the camper. The birds along the lagoons and rivers are so tame you can shoot them from twenty paces and so plentiful you can knock

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over a score of them in half an hour. A fisherman friend of mine went home disgusted because the fishing was so easy that it gave him no chance to use his sporting wits. We Escapists have a different point of view — we kill for food, not for sport.

Expenses other than rent, food, and servants are cheap in proportion. Some foreign-made goods are cheaper than in the U. S. Your laundry bill disappears. Bus rides, by which you can explore the country for miles around, its caves, lakes, mountains, woods, and quaint villages, cost from two to twenty cents. Horse hire is 20¢ for two hours, including guide. The sports club, if the town has one, will cost you about $2 a year in membership fees, which gives you ping-pong, tennis, swimming, fronton, dancing, bowling, and hot-shower privileges. An hour of the professional tennis instructor's time (an ex-Davis Cup player) is 50¢. Compare this with the $2 back home!

There are Mexicos all over the map which measure up to the Escapist's high standards of a place worth living in. The war has cut some of them off: southern France, Spain, Italy, Sicily, Greece, in any of which a man can live well on $10 a week. Wherever two or more Escapists meet they exchange information about paradises where dimes do the work of dollars. On a trip to Manzanillo ten days ago I met a man who had been living, first in an Athens hotel and then in a little house on the bay of Pylos, for about $1 a day. He had traveled all over that country on a burro for less than that, having a hell of a good time except for the first three days. "You can't fight the fleas," he said. "You let them bite you, and if you can keep from scratching for seventy-two hours it's the end of that." He was on his way to Tahiti by way of Panama, where a friend of his was living on $50 a month.

With the war on, the country between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn is bound to be the chief stamping ground of the Escapist. And the land seems to have been made for the life of *dolce far niente*. Guatemala is as cheap and as beautiful as Mexico; so are Honduras and El Salvador; their only drawback is a reactionary government, which sometimes pokes its snout into the exile's affairs. In Costa Rica you can live *muy grande caballero* on a ranch for $45 a month, which includes even saddle horses and the privilege of a weekly auto ride to the capital with the boss for mail and supplies. The hacienda hideout, available from

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Mexico south, is a particularly attractive one, for many of the hacendados, who are English or American or speak the language, are so glad to have a *simpático* guest to talk with that one has to be very delicate in arranging to pay them for their hospitality. The islands of the Caribbean — except Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Jamaica, for which the budget must be upped about 40 per cent — are bargains for the Escapist. The smaller British possessions, such as Grenada and St. Vincent, and the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, are ideal.

III

What do we Escapists do with this tiny flash of our lives between two black eternities? Mainly we loaf, and, as the poet put it, invite our souls. We sit in the sun or on the edge of it, letting our whiskers grow and our torsos tan. We take bus, bike, horse, and shanks' mare rides out into the surrounding hills and valleys. We hunt, fish, and aim our cameras. We read an occasional book and show interest in the local language. We swap yarns with one another and with the natives and, from our objective situation outside the Home-Business axis, discuss the weird state of the cosmos. We swim, sail, tug at oars, gawp at the fiestas, whack tennis balls, and keep fit for the big *comida* the cook is creating over the charcoals.

We wander into town, poke around, sit down in the plaza, watch the life: the village band plays, the little merchants sell their handfuls of beans and bananas, beadwork, and sandals; the busses come in or pull out; the professional letter writers work at their nickel-plated Olivers; the local garrison parades; the post office and telegraph workers demonstrate in favor of their candidate for mayor; the mariachis sing the old rancho-cowboy songs with the strange falsetto parts; a new load of streamlined, cellophane-wrapped tourists from the caravan of American Express automobiles arrives. . . . Not everybody could stand such a life; you have to be a fool or a human being. What would the pompous or the smug do in a world in which there were no trains to catch, letters to dictate, buttons to push, orders to give, telephones to answer, competition to fight, shop to talk, or money to make? A man who is full of his own importance is too empty for permanent leisure.

I just read in the New York *Times* (which is almost my only

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bond with "civilization") about some real Escapists — fellows who had fled into the bush and gone completely native. This makes me feel that perhaps my buddies and I, who hold onto the best in toilet paper and a neat, ordered life, are only semi-Escapists. We've run away, but not so far that we cannot push up a periscope and turn it on the world we are so anxious to leave behind. But we keep the world at a distance only that we may see it better. And what we see proves to us that semi-escape is better than no escape at all.

So at night we two-bit runaways from the neon lights sit on our hills and see all the stars. We are connoisseurs of sun-ups and sun-downs that would shame the gaudiest chromo. We watch the rain forming in the faraway hills, and the storm marching across the sky. We observe — with feelings we didn't know we had when our bottoms warmed swivel chairs — the Indian going about his simple chores. Undistracted by the flimsy paraphernalia with which civilized man has tricked out his secondary world, we stand before the universe and grow a thoughtful beard.

Day by day, far from the ticker-tape, the chamber of commerce luncheon, and the executive conference, we nibble a blade of grass, listen to the ocean, smell the red earth, with a sense — maybe futile but certainly exhilarating — that we are on the verge of overhearing a truth, of catching an overtone. It is easy to explain what we escaped *from*. What we have escaped *to* is more puzzling. But we have plenty of time to figure it out.

BELL-WETHERS

By Witter Bynner

Even the popes and lamas wear
Terror beneath a breast-bone bare,
Bell-wethering the flocks they lead
With a nostalgia for stampede.

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SHOE-SHINE

A Story

By Jerome Weidman

The car was a good one, very new and expensive-looking, but it was small. It was too small to have a chauffeur, much too small for a chauffeur in such an elaborate uniform. He looked odd on the front seat in his military cap with its stiff gleaming visor and his trim black coat with the row of buttons that ran all the way up the left side of his chest to the shoulder. He belonged in a bigger car, something long and heavy, with a speaking apparatus and discreet silver mountings; not in this flashy little roadster.

What made the whole thing look silly was the young man who sat beside the chauffeur. He had very broad shoulders, with humps of muscle on his back and arms that showed through the perfect fit of his expensive tweed coat. He was deeply tanned and his long, lean jaw stuck out a trifle too much, enough to give his pleasant, handsome face more than ordinary strength and assurance. His dark brown felt hat, with the snap brim and the little colored feather in the ribbon, was pushed back slightly on his head with careless rakishness, and his blond hair was closely cropped at the sideburns.

He looked like a football or crew man from a middle-western university, with a family that hadn't worried about money for three generations, who was constantly being photographed for the rotogravures and reported engaged alternately to debutantes and night club singers. Between the husky young man and the impeccably liveried chauffeur there was so much obvious competence on the front seat of the tiny roadster that it was a ridiculous sight to watch the chauffeur's difficulties as he tried to park.

There was plenty of room in front of the office building for the small roadster. But the chauffeur was apparently accustomed to a heavier car. He kept twisting the wheel too sharply and his touch on

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the gas was too heavy. The little roadster responded jerkily. Twice he scraped the brand new tires against the curb and had to back out and try again. The young man beside him didn't say a word. He watched the chauffeur's efforts with a small, delighted grin. Finally, the car came into the open space at a fairly good angle. The front wheel went up onto the sidewalk. The chauffeur swore under his breath but twisted the steering wheel and kept the car moving forward slowly until the front wheel slipped off into the gutter. Then he pulled the emergency brake and turned off the ignition.

"You're getting pretty good," the young man said. "You ought to get into that soap box derby, if you could make the age limit."

"You made that crack yesterday," the chauffeur said. "Why don't they give me a bicycle to drive next? Or a scooter?"

He got out of the car and walked around the back until he came up on the sidewalk on the other side. The young man looked at the open space in front of the roadster and twisted in his seat to look at the open space behind.

"Look, Hull," he said. "Somebody else may want to get in here. There's room for another car. If you pull her up just a little?"

"Nuts," the chauffeur said. "Parking this peanut stand is wearing me out. I won't be long. I'll just leave the package and come right down. Anybody wants to park here they can wait a minute."

"I'll tell them what you said. Quote you verbatim?"

"How about laying off the sarcastic stuff for a little while," the chauffeur said. "Gimme the package." The young man handed him a small box wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with a narrow green ribbon. The chauffeur turned to walk across the sidewalk into the building, then stopped and looked back. "Want something to read till I come down? Get you a paper?"

"Thanks, no," Dick said, and he grinned. "I'll just look at the girls' legs for a few minutes while I'm waiting."

"Now, listen, Dick. Your mother said you —"

"Oh, go on, Hull, hurry up," Dick said, and his grin spread out wider. "Before somebody else tries to park in here or you get a ticket or something. Go on, hurry up."

The chauffeur squeezed his lips together until they disappeared. He gave the young man in the car a long, baffled look, then turned and walked into the office building. Dick looked casually up and down

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the sunny street. He whistled an experimental bar or two from a song, tried another, a third, found one that he liked and swung into it softly. Very few people went by. No girls at all. After a few moments of looking at the people and whistling, Dick pulled a nail file from his pocket and went to work. He did all of his left hand and then started on his right. He was digging at the cuticle of his right thumb when an automobile honked loudly behind him. He looked up and turned on the seat. Two young men had driven up in a sedan and stopped a few feet behind the roadster. The driver leaned out of his window and pointed to the small space against the curb between Dick's roadster and the car behind.

"Say, bud," he called. "You mind pulling up a few feet so we can get in there?"

"Well," Dick said. "I'm afraid you'll —" He looked toward the office building. The revolving door was motionless. He swung his head back to the sedan behind him. "Would you mind waiting just a minute? My chauffeur will —"

The driver of the sedan waved his hand.

"Your car," he called. "Move it up a couple of feet, will you?"

"In a minute," Dick called back. "My chauffeur is —"

The young man beside the driver of the sedan stuck his head out of the other window.

"Hey, pal," he called. "Move that peewee up a few feet." Dick hesitated and gave the office building another quick glance. The young man beside the driver of the sedan leaned further out of his window. "Hey, handsome, you're not deaf, are you?" he bellowed. "I said goose that little pushcart up a ways so we can get in behind you."

Two old ladies were walking by. They turned at the sound of the yelling to look at the two cars. Dick flushed dark red under his tan and his strong jaw moved forward a fraction of an inch. The little muscles on the side of his face twitched as his teeth bit together. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and turned his back on the sedan. He folded his arms on his chest and stared straight ahead. The two old ladies walked on.

"Hey, Joe College," the driver of the sedan called. Dick didn't answer or turn his head. "Hey, quarterback!" Dick didn't move. The driver of the sedan stepped on the gas and brought his car alongside the roadster. "What's the matter, handsome? Can't you hear? We asked you to move your little pony cart up a few feet so we can park behind you."

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"I heard you," Dick said. "So did half the people over there in Central Park. Why don't you invest in a megaphone?"

The driver of the sedan stared in astonishment. He turned to look at his friend on the seat beside him.

"What goes on here?" the driver said. "Am I crazy?"

"No, you're all right," his friend said. "We just happened to draw a wack here. Or maybe he's a wise guy." He leaned out of his window toward Dick. "Look, quarterback, save all that for when you get back to your playmates in college. My friend and I, we're very busy men and we don't want any trouble. We haven't got time for trouble. We just want to park. You gonna move that toy dingus of yours up a few feet so we can get in, or aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," Dick said bluntly, and he grinned at the two young men in the sedan. "Anything you two gentlemen want to do about it?"

II

The driver of the sedan seemed to explode. He rose angrily in his seat and leaned across his friend toward the window nearest the roadster.

"Listen to that twirp talk," he snarled. "Just listen to him! Isn't bad enough he's got to hog the parking space, but he gets tough, too! Listen, college boy, I'll bend that straight nose of yours for you if you —"

"Take it easy," his friend said, pushing him back into his seat. "We'll bend his nose later. First I wanna find out what makes this guy such a wise guy. We're busy, but we're not too busy for that." He leaned out of the window toward Dick. "You're not gonna run away for a few minutes, are you?" he asked with elaborate politeness. "Just for a few minutes?"

"I don't see any reason to," Dick said insolently. "What's on your mind?"

"I just wanna talk to you," the young man said very slowly and distinctly. "You're a type that all of a sudden I'm fascinated by. We'll just get rid of the car first."

"I'll be waiting right here," Dick said, and the small sneer around his lips deepened. "If you can find your way back, that is."

The driver of the sedan rose angrily in his seat again. But his friend pushed him back. He motioned forward with his hand and the driver started the car. It moved down the block until it reached an empty space against the curb near the corner. A moment later the two young men appeared on the

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sidewalk. They reached into their car and pulled out a couple of large leather folios with zipper fasteners along the top, the kind that salesmen and lawyers carry. They tucked them under their arms and came walking up the block toward the roadster. Dick watched them approach calmly. He swung his small, sneering smile over to one corner of his mouth, pushed his hat up a bit further on his tanned forehead, and tipped his head slightly to one side and backward until it rested against the roadster's expensive leather upholstery. He seemed to enjoy watching the approach of the young men in the same way that he had enjoyed watching Hull, the chauffeur, maneuver the roadster into position.

When the young men stopped on the sidewalk Dick could see that they were not as young as they had looked in the sedan. The driver was on the fat side and his friend, who had sat beside him on the front seat, would have done well to stay away from bread and potatoes. They were neatly dressed, but their shirts had been worn for at least two days already, and while they didn't need shaves very badly, they had definitely not used razors that morning. Also, they were not lawyers because the leather folders under their arms bulged in funny places, as though they contained salesmen's samples of some mechanical device for stopping falling hair or dicing onions without causing tears. On each of the leather folios there was a small set of gold initials in the upper right hand corner. The driver's folio said L.D. and the other one said M.G.G. Dick pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one. He inhaled deeply and blew the smoke out at the two salesmen as he shoved the pack back into the pocket of his tweed coat.

"Yes?" he said with his delicate grin. "You gentlemen said something about wanting to talk?"

"Not me," L. D. said through his teeth as he moved forward. "You can talk if you want to, but me, I'm just going to slug the head off this sunburned baloney."

"No, no, just a second," M.G.G. said, stopping him. "Before we smear this thing off the map, I want to find out something. I'm like a student of psychology all of a sudden. I want to know why when you ask a guy a simple little thing like he should move up a few feet so's you should be able to park, he has to get snotty."

"Why don't you try asking it?" Dick said, and he blew more smoke at them. "Or is the language too much for you?"

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"Say, listen," L.D. snapped, "I've had enough. I'm gonna knock this guy's —"

"Just one second," M.G.G. said, stopping him again. He turned back to the roadster. "All right, fullback, tell me. What makes you so clever, such a stinking genius all of a sudden, such a wow with your trap?"

"You really want to know?" Dick asked.

"I'm standing on pins and needles," M.G.G. said. "Both of us."

"It's very simple," Dick said. "I don't like you. Not just you. Collectively you. Both of you." He cocked his head to one side and examined them coolly and deliberately. There was so much insolence on his face that L.D. squirmed and clenched his fist. But M.G.G. held him back with his hand. "First of all, I don't like you because you drive a sedan. I don't like sedans. Then because you're both fat. I don't like fat people. Then because you could use a shave, and I hate people who could use a shave. Not to mention the fact that you don't change your shirts often enough. That sufficient? Or shall I go on?"

"By all means," M.G.G. said, but his face was tightening up and there were white patches on his cheeks. "Don't let me stop you."

"You couldn't," Dick said. "But to go on. I also don't like you because you're obviously salesmen. I think salesmen stink. Especially salesmen of some sort of gadget that still looks like a gadget even when you hide it in those portfolios. Incidentally, just in passing, I hate all gadgets, too. What else? Oh, yes. Also because you talk too loud and because you don't say please when you want a favor, such as a little more room for parking. Enough?"

"More than enough," M.G.G. said. He took the folio from under his arm and held it out to his friend. "Here, you hold this for a minute. I have a small murder to commit."

"Oh, no," L.D. said, pushing the folio away. "You hold mine. I'm gonna knock Joe College's razor-edged tongue down his throat. Then I'm gonna kick his beautiful white teeth right down after it. Here, hold this."

"When you two boys get it settled," Dick drawled, "let me know. Or would you prefer that I take you both on at once?"

III

The two salesmen glared at the husky young man in the small roadster. "Both on at once," L.D. said finally. "Both on at once.

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By God, I'm telling you, I'm gonna tear this snotty little heel into small —"

"Get up out of that car," M.G.G. barked. "Come on, get up on the sidewalk and —"

"I don't feel like wasting too much energy on you two bums," Dick said, and he blew smoke into M.G.G.'s face. "Suppose you get me out on the sidewalk first?"

Both salesmen moved forward at once. But just then a boy of 12 or 13, with a shoe-shine box slung across his shoulder, stepped between them. He had come along the street unobserved and he didn't seem to realize that the three men were about to start a fight.

"Shine, mister?" he said to Dick. "Shine 'em up? Good shine?"

Dick shook his head and brushed him aside with his hand. He was smiling coolly across the boy's head at the two salesmen.

"Whaddaya say, mister?" the boy persisted. "Shine 'em up good? Make 'em like new?"

"No," Dick said, his eyes still on the salesmen. "No shine."

"Aah, come on, mister. Giviz a show. Shine 'em up good. Whaddaya say?"

L.D. reached down and grabbed the boy's shoulder.

"Come on, beat it," he snapped. "We got some work to do on this handsome —"

"Just a minute," Dick said suddenly. He looked from the bootblack to the two salesmen and back to the bootblack. Then he tossed away his cigarette. "Okay, son," he said slowly, and the small smile on his face twisted all the way over to one side. "I think I will have a shine, at that."

The boy grinned and started to swing the shoe-shine box from his shoulder. Dick reached over, pushed the catch on the door, and shoved it open. As the door swung out slowly, the boy moved forward. Then he stopped and he let out a small, stifled gasp. His little face, with the smudges of shoe polish across the cheeks, grew white and froze into a look of horror. The husky young man in the expensive roadster had no legs. They were amputated above the knees.

"Gee," the boy said, "I — I —"

He grabbed his box and turned and ran. Dick started to laugh. He did it with his whole body, shaking up and down on the roadster seat, his head thrown back, roaring out the sounds loudly. He laughed so hard that tears came to his eyes. The two salesmen stared at him for a long, astonished moment. All the belligerence and anger went out of their faces until

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only shocked disbelief remained. Then that disappeared, too, and the horror that had come so suddenly to the little shoe-shine boy came to them. They looked at each other guiltily, dropped their eyes, and turned to walk away in silence. The office building's revolving door whirred and Hull, the chauffeur, came out. He stopped short when he saw the young man in the car laughing. His experienced eyes moved quickly to take in the roadster's open door, the two salesmen slinking down the block, the small bootblack running hard and looking back over his shoulder. Then the chauffeur's glance returned to the roadster. His lips grew thin as he strode across the sidewalk.

"Damn it," he said, "I can't leave you alone for a minute. Why don't you cut that out? Stop it. Stop that laughing. Damn it, Dick, I said stop that!"

But the handsome young man with the broad shoulders and the tanned face didn't stop. His hard, mirthless laughter rang down the block. The two salesmen glanced back at the roadster.

"Gosh, I feel awful," L.D. said. "The things I said to him. If I'd only realized —"

M.G.G. didn't hear him. He was looking at the roadster. He turned back to his friend and he shuddered slightly.

"My God," he said with a scowl, and he shuddered again. "My God, but that guy is a louse."

UNFAILING PORTRAIT

By John Robert Quinn

WITHIN your garnered eyes, the living light
Still lingers like an iris by some wall
Where April was detained; still petal-white,
The lone sprig of your smile leans over all

There is a timelessness about your face
As though eternity had staked all claim
To your brief loveliness and left sure trace
Of ownership before all others came.

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▶ *A soldier long under fire from the air came to believe that*

AIR RAIDS ARE OVER-RATED

By William G. Ryan

I saw my first air raid at unpleasantly close range, and it would be exaggerating considerably to say that I observed it with philosophical calm. But fear, this side of panic, seems to intensify impressions; mine are not in the least blurred. The recollection of silver-winged bombers climbing steadily to the zenith of a blue Spanish sky is vivid. I need only close my eyes now to see the symmetrical triangular wedges moving slowly forward in parallel lines, the early morning sunlight spinning behind each unit in a dancing wake of silver and gold sparks.

The recent unpleasantness in Spain — it cost only a million or so lives — has been described as a laboratory test under working conditions. Weapons and strategies were tried out in preparation for the bigger war to come. Now this has come. The world in general, and millions of men under arms, are wondering about the results of the test, and about aerial raids and bombardments in particular. I was the guinea pig in those Spanish explorative preliminaries. In more than fifteen months of the heaviest fighting, as a soldier in the Loyalist ranks, I was the target for every variety of attack on the agenda of all the General Staffs. It may not be orthodox for a guinea pig to talk over the heads of the professors, but after all soldiers in all the armies will see aviation from my humble angle, rather than the angle of the exalted higher-ups.

Our first bombing was severe and typical. The battalion was deployed on the most barren section of gray earth to be found in a most desolate region. A good-sized tree or a large boulder can serve as a psychological shield against approaching death, but not even a frightened imagination could convert the fist-sized rocks and sparse bunches of thorny vegetation into satisfactory cover. At least one of the five hundred-odd soldiers about to be subjected to an ignoble experiment was keenly aware of a vast helplessness.

Thirty big bombers came over in that first raid. I remember the

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number, because in an air raid everyone counts the planes and almost everyone counts aloud. This is a ritual, a tradition, and a test, growing out of the theory advanced by an unknown genius who said that so long as you can look at planes and count them your morale is in good shape. Not everyone arrives at the same total, but everyone calls out his figure and the number called most often is generally accepted as correct.

Thirty bombing planes can make you believe the earth isn't fixed very solidly in space, if they spray a few tons of high explosive not too far from where you are. In that first bombing most of the planes were somewhere near the ideal position when they loosed their loads. The bombs plunged toward us, emitting the long shrieking bomb-whistle that is indescribable, somehow obscene, and always awe-inspiring — the devil imperiously signaling lost souls from limbo. We flattened out on our faces and dug our fingers into the earth, determined to go with it wherever it was going. In the hideous discord of shriek and crash, the insinuating *zzzsst* of shrapnel was scarcely noticeable, but in their quiet way the bomb fragments never fail to take a full share of the life toll. The fellow a few yards to my left was sliced neatly in two at the waist by a sliver of bomb. The man next to him had both legs smashed by flying rocks. There were fourteen dead and thirty-seven wounded — a thoroughly successful affair: a man and a quarter per ton of bomb, results considerably better than average.

The most profoundly impressive feature of that first air raid, and of every raid thereafter, was the sound. The deep, steady growl of the motors, the fierce scream of the falling bombs, the boom of the explosions, and the soft hiss of shrapnel, all combine in an unforgettable cacophony. Long after the planes have droned into the distance the sound lingers. Time, experience and reflection have strengthened my conviction that much of the efficacy of aviation as a war weapon derives from that sound and from the sensation of helpless suspense the sound creates. I lived through months in which scarcely a day passed without one to a dozen bombings. In a single week our battalion was bombed forty-six times by the latest model Italian and German bombers, from 20 to 65 planes to the squadron. In the end I came to regard aviation as a weapon aimed directly at the mind. As a means of taking life,

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reducing enemy fortifications, breaking lines, or destroying shipping, my own considered verdict on aviation is — if not a rank failure at least vastly over-rated.

II

It seemed to me that the weaknesses of aviation as an offensive weapon were easy to discern. Repeated failures to score close or direct hits on known objectives became obvious. It was impossible to blame the consistent inaccuracy on a lack of skill; the operatives were in most cases highly trained army pilots of totalitarian nations, famed for the strength and efficiency of their air forces. On many occasions enemy planes sighted our troop convoys on roads to the front and bombed us heavily. At such times we abandoned the lorries and scattered in the surrounding fields. But I have never witnessed the destruction or serious crippling of a troop convoy by bombers. One of the major philosophers of our unit, an Irishman, contended that the road and the lorries were the safest places to be if the bombers were intent upon harassing a troop convoy. He backed up his opinion by refusing to leave his lorry when the planes were overhead, and many of his admirers followed his example. It is a matter of record that he survived the war, and in my best judgment the mortality rate was no higher among his adherents than among the others.

Before and since my personal experiences with war aviation I have read reports of the remarkable exploits of bombing planes in maneuvers. All I can say is that they don't seem to be able to do it when the chips are down. The difference between the theory of maneuvers and the practice of war may be psychological. Playing with death for keeps is not the same as a sham battle. The pilots of bombing planes in a real war display no liking for the earnest attentions of pursuit planes and anti-aircraft batteries. Experts are agreed that the anti-aircraft gun is the weapon most improved since the world war, and it does not take an expert to see that bombers have a wholesome respect for such fire. I have never seen bombers attempt leisurely reconnaissance flights in search of military objectives anywhere in the vicinity of first-rate defenses. Once a battery has opened fire, the bombers begin to climb, and climb fast to 20,000 or 25,000 feet, which, I am told, is the minimum height of reasonable safety. From this height, which precludes anything like real accuracy, bombs

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are frequently unloaded at random; they are a definite hazard to a pilot harassed by anti-aircraft fire or pursuit planes.

My own civilian belief in the rifle-fire accuracy of bombing did not survive more than a few days of close-up experience. In one of the early actions I saw a squadron of twenty-five powerful modern Caproni bombers make seven successive attempts to bomb a militarily important railway terminal defended by an excellent anti-aircraft battery. Three planes were brought down and all the others were forced to such great heights that they were unable to place a single bomb within half a mile of the objective. Again, our unit was quartered in a defenseless town no larger in area than an average American village of 2500. During the first twelve hours, we were bombed six times by Junker, Savoia, Caproni, and Heinkel bombers in squadrons ranging from 15 to 40. A stiff wind was blowing and the town was twice completely missed. One direct hit was scored on a large church in the plaza and twenty persons were killed. Bombs fell, of course, all over the town, but the actual property damage was surprisingly light.

Much has been written about the destruction of cities by aviation. On my return I was astonished to learn through the newspaper files that a great many towns which I visited had been completely destroyed *before* I came there. I have been in scores of cities and towns that had shortly before been subjected to repeated and intensive bombardment. I have never seen a town that was "completely destroyed." Eye-witness accounts of utterly demolished towns are no doubt quite sincere, yet a check-up of the completely destroyed, the partially destroyed, and the untouched buildings even in the most badly battered areas would show that an atmosphere of desolation can be created without destroying more than a small fraction of the structures. Theoretically the havoc wrought by aerial bombs should be tremendous. Actually it did not seem to me that the planes were capable of anything approaching the truly devastating effects of artillery bombardment. I was forced to the opinion that a great deal of destruction attributed to aviation had actually been caused by artillery, and that the superior effectiveness of the latter was due to its comparative immunity to attack and its much greater accuracy.

In June 1937 I first saw the Madrid telephone building, the tallest building in Spain and an easily located military objective. I learned

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at the time that an estimated 5000 bombs had been aimed at the building, most of them before adequate defenses had been prepared. Yet the Exchange had not been forced to suspend operations for a single hour. The building was marked and somewhat damaged at the time, but certainly far from demolition. Valencia, which many people outside and inside Spain believed to be a shambles, remained practically untouched throughout the three years of war, and Sagunto, a nearby industrial suburb, suffered lightly, though both places were raided repeatedly. Raids were attempted when I was in Valencia. Not once did a raiding plane succeed in reaching the city proper and it was fairly obvious that they had never achieved it. The answer was first-rate anti-aircraft.

The destructive power of aerial bombs seems to vary greatly. I have seen a 500-pound bomb strike midway between two stone houses, smashing one to bits and doing no damage to the other. Front line trenches are not usually bombed because the planes are as likely to hit their own as those of the enemy, but I once saw the attempt made. A chance direct hit in the trench was scored, but strangely enough not a man was killed. About sixty yards of the trench caved in and the men in the dugouts were buried alive. Feet, hands, and heads protruded from the loose earth and a number of men were smothered to death before they could be disinterred. After that I developed a strong preference for the open as an alternative to a frail *refugio*.

III

I am not asserting that aviation is futile in war. I merely advance the opinion that the effectiveness of aviation rests less upon the actual damage it inflicts than upon the fear it inspires — and that a considerable part of this fear is almost groundless. Concussion, for example, is the particular bête noir which plagues many men into madness. My own belief in the power of concussion to kill at great distances was fortunately shaken when I saw a startled but uninjured cat emerge from the ruins of a stone house a few seconds after a direct hit. Life became easier for me from then on. Despite all evidence to the contrary, people continue to believe that concussion can reach across wide gaps and pluck out life. Many become downright indignant with anyone who challenges this myth, and tell harrowing tales of rows of unscathed corpses immediately after a bombing. I have seen dead

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persons who had no mark of injury, but I blamed their deaths on heart attacks superinduced by fear.

Aviation is used most effectively against reserve troops to shake their morale. In this respect the performance struck me as first-rate. Reserves about to move into front-line positions are subjected to almost continuous bombing if they are discovered. But drab uniforms blend into the ground, and it is difficult for planes to find troops well enough disciplined to lie down and lie quiet when aviation is about. As often as not the planes will pass over without seeing them. Motion is easily detected, and if men move nervously from place to place when aviation is near the bombers are almost certain to discover and blast them. This fact is well known to all veterans. The order to remain quiet, however, is difficult to obey. One is seized with an insane impulse to run — anywhere. Many find it impossible to resist the urge to seek a non-existent refuge. Aviation continually demonstrates the triumph of fear over logic. I have seen men who could face deadly machine-gun fire with something approaching perfect *sang-froid* reduced to jittery panic by the mere sound of airplane motors in the distance. Although experience has proved over and over again that machine-gun fire is far more dangerous, most men prefer it to aerial bombardment.

The reason for this can be conveyed in the word "suspense." Planes appear on the horizon and drone their way steadily toward the bombing position. They may turn aside before reaching the danger point, or they may pass over without discharging their load of death. But whatever happens, we on the ground must wait through long, anxious minutes — utterly helpless to protect ourselves. The soldier going over the top sees his comrades falling on all sides under a hissing hail of rifle and machine-gun fire. But he also sees a ditch or hummock a few yards ahead and knows that it means at least a momentary lease on life, if only he can reach it. The fact that his muscles are responding to the command of his brain, apparently exercising a degree of control over his fate, does much to relieve the strain. But in aerial bombardment there is no such safety valve. Nothing to do but wait — wait in an agony of suspense for the deep drone of the motors to swell into a threatening growl; for the long, life-demanding scream of the falling bomb, the bomb that is ticketed for your own shrinking flesh; wait for the final shuddering boom and the thin

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shrieks of the wounded and dying; and know at last the shame of your own relief that only your friends have had life lashed from their bodies.

This forced inertia sends invisible bullets into each man's brain. Men strive to overcome its effects by strange devices. I have noticed that many eat their rations hurriedly when the planes are in sight, even when the bombs are falling, as though afraid of being deprived of a last meal. Others smoke furiously. Some fire their rifles at random without hope of scoring a hit, merely to ease the tension by physical activity.

The "strafer" has neither the lethal nor the psychological potentialities of the bomber and it, too, is a weapon of fear rather than of execution. In dozens of bombings and strafes I have looked for death and found fear on each man's face or felt it hidden in his heart. It is the slow, insidious advance of fear that in time makes the bombing raid a unique terror. Little by little it can gnaw all courage from the stoutest heart, and one never knows how deeply it has burrowed into his own.

I believed that I had completely conquered the fear of aviation. I knew that it was far less dangerous than other man-made life-destroyers. I felt sure that it had done nothing to me. I walked down a London street on the first Sunday morning after my return congratulating myself that I hadn't come back "wacky" like some of the boys. It was good to be there and alive. Suddenly the church bells began to ring and six big planes roared overhead, flying low. My world went upside down. People just walked along the same as before, I suppose, but to me the reel had switched without warning to slow motion. They lifted their feet and moved their hands like adagio dancers. Right beside me was a long window with a flower-box at the sidewalk level. Behind the window an old man in a rocking chair swayed slowly and deliberately. He was in his undershirt with his suspenders slipping from fat round shoulders, *and he was reading the Sunday paper.* So I knew the world was crazy. In a moment — or was it an hour? — I recovered. If only I could let the old man in the rocking-chair know that I can listen to airplane motors now, even at night!

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UNCLE SAM, RADIO PROPAGANDIST

By Earl Sparling

To multitudes of Frenchmen, America is not Uncle Sam but Monsieur Thomas. In Germany it is Herr Marsching; in Italy, Signora Murray. Among the twenty Latin American republics it will be Senhor Deter to Brazilians, Senor Carvajal to Spanish-speaking peoples, or perhaps Senora Olga Andre.

Unknown and unheard by North Americans, these and a few dozen others sell American democracy to the world in easy daily doses. Sitting in a cluttered nine-by-twelve broadcasting studio, Monsieur Richard Thomas speaks casually across 3000 miles of ocean. His perfect French was learned while he was a student of dramatics at the Comedie Francaise. Chicago-born and barely 30, he speaks with linguistical and psychological effectiveness because he has lived or traveled in twenty foreign lands. His studio is the smallest in the place, for international short-wave broadcasting is still a stepchild of the broadcasting companies. It costs money, and as yet produces no income.

Monsieur Thomas handles by himself all the mechanical and production detail which ordinarily would require an operating staff of four to six. He sits in front of a complicated keyboard known to its intimates as the "announcer's delight." A dozen keys, various switches, a row of colored lights — and when Monsieur is neither pushing keys nor watching lights he plays music records or reads into the microphone from a script he has prepared himself.

Watching the performance you think inevitably of those one-man bands which once toured vaudeville. But this is not vaudeville: it is America's message to civilization — our answer to chaos and the heavy hand, our calm assurance that good will and common sense are still alive.

For a solid hour, 3 to 4 P.M., the message goes to France. Then with an "Au revoir, mes amis," Mr. Thomas slips out of the chair and another young man slips into it. The successor pushes the same buttons, watches the same lights.

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But out in Bound Brook, N. J., where these programs are flashed into the ether, an engineer has thrown switches that shift the radio beam from Europe to Brazil. The daily broadside to Latin America begins. It continues from this one National Broadcasting Company studio for nine unbroken hours: an hour in Portuguese, two in Spanish, back for another hour in Portuguese, then two more in Spanish, one in English, and a final two in Spanish. Something similar is happening in a dozen other studios from Boston to Miami Beach, from Schenectady to San Francisco.

Senhor Arthur S. Deter, 32, who speaks to the Brazilians, was born in Rio de Janeiro of American Baptist missionary parents and was graduated from Parana University in Brazil with a medical degree. He has worked as a harvest hand and as an extra in Hollywood; he has sailed tramp steamers as an able-bodied seaman, has an amateur pilot's license. Senhor Deter starts his Brazilian hour with a digest of the world's news. Later he too becomes a concertmaster and wrestles with music records, but news on-the-hour-by-the-hour is a *must* policy for these foreign language programs. A straight, unbiased synopsis of what is happening in the world is the best proof of American freedom and integrity and the most unanswerable propaganda.

Letters prove it. Four French soldiers spent 50¢ on airmail stamps to say they had learned from an American newscast that their outfit would get Christmas leave. They added: "Every day now we listen." An amazed Swiss wrote from Lausanne that he had learned first from America that German propaganda balloons had fallen on Swiss territory, that the Swiss press and radio had not confirmed the news until twelve hours later. Other correspondence is equally enthusiastic:

ENGLAND (LONDON): "Thank you for letting the world know about Mussolini's speech. Our own stations seem a little reserved about it."

ENGLAND (YORKSHIRE): "I must say how much I appreciate your news bulletins. One obtains a much clearer idea of how things stand when hearing an unbiased bulletin."

ITALY (PAVIA): "Your news arrives here before certain European stations, which are not ashamed to spread facts the falsity of which, if embodied in a person, would make one ashamed of himself."

GERMANY ("SOMEWHERE"): "Most Germans listen to foreign reports and not to those here. We are just as uninformed as in the Middle Ages, even with newspapers. The impudence with which they lie is unbelievable."

FRANCE (PARIS): "With much pleasure we listen to your French hour,

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which informs us better than our own what is going on in old Europe."

FRANCE (LILLE): "On Thursday we witnessed an aerial combat over this area. We knew that an enemy plane had been shot down, but your program at 9 P.M. gave us the first details."

CHILE (TALCA): "I listen to your news bulletin every evening; in my estimation it is the only *true* news service in the whole world."

II

All the major nations are engaged in this battle of the air waves. The United States has licensed fourteen stations for international broadcasts. Two of them — WDJM, a commercial station in Miami, and WCBI, the Chicago Federation of Labor station — are small. The major license-holders are NBC, Columbia, General Electric, Westinghouse, World Wide Broadcasting Corporation, Crosley Corporation in Cincinnati, and WCAU Broadcasting Company, Philadelphia. These stations operate at different hours on thirty-seven frequencies allocated to this country by international agreement. Our stations and foreign stations are sending at the same time. Without wave variation it would be a mess. But no domestic station wants to jam a foreign station, because the foreign station can retaliate. The Union Internationale de Radio, Brussels, watches for crowding.

All our stations, be it noted, are privately owned and operated, and, except for World Wide, all by commercial companies. Each station at large outlay and no profit has built costly sending equipment and organized large international staffs.

NBC, for example, has forty-two persons in its international department. Of these, eighteen are regularly on the air, the voice of America in six languages. In charge is Guy Hickok, for fifteen years a roving newspaper correspondent in Europe. In the midst of a heavy desk routine he listens constantly to a loud speaker, for he must not allow anything to get on the air that might raise a ruction. Most details, however, are left to the eighteen spokesmen themselves, who are expected to know exactly what to say about America and exactly how to say it.

Chief of the Spanish section is 39-year-old Charles R. Carvajal, born in the Philippines of an American father. He has crossed the Atlantic ninety-six times; the Pacific, three. Settled in a cubby-hole office in a New York sky-scraper, he feels like a stay-at-home when he compares notes with his office-mate, Swiss-born Carlos Edward Bovet, 53, head of the music section. Bovet, now an American

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citizen, has been in sixty-one countries. He led white men in a search for oil up from the Argentine, through Bolivia, Peru and Brazil, to the foot of the Andes but now he sits listening to music records, deciding how many of the seventy-five played each day shall be classic, how many swing. Still another example of what it takes to be a spokesman for America is Philip Lemont Barbour, 40, born in Louisville, Ky. He reads, speaks and writes Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese and German. He reads and understands Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Pali, Dutch, Czech, and Serbian. He has coached Italian opera singers in diction in Milan, been a banker in San Francisco, led a brass band in Ithaca. He has traveled and lived in fifty countries, understands twelve languages, and speaks five.

A stranger wandering into one of these international departments might think himself in a madhouse. The place looks like a combination newspaper office, travel agency, mail room, and research library. A loudspeaker blaring the current program competes with a teletype bringing the latest news. A dozen persons talk at various desks in half a dozen languages. Maps hang on every wall, for these workers live with geography. Eight o'clock in New York is 8 also in Colombia and Peru, but it is 7 in Mexico, 7:30 in Venezuela, 8:30 in Uruguay, 9 in the Argentine, and 10 in part of Brazil. Time is decisive in deciding what kind of program shall be broadcast.

The international day at NBC ends at 1 A.M., with the final Spanish hour. Half an hour later the night editor arrives and the new day starts. All through the early morning he and his assistants read from the teletype what the world is saying, and winnow out what shall be used. Broadcasting in English begins at 9 A.M., primarily for British ears. Foreign language broadcasts start at 1 P.M. and, except for one evening English hour, continue until signing-off time.

During the morning Monsieur Thomas in clipped American has given "Highlights of Hollywood" on the British hour. Now at three he gives the news in his best Parisian and a talk, "The Franco-American Globe Trotter." At noon in English Fernando de Sa has discussed American aviation. At four he gives in Portuguese "The Parade of the States of Brazil."

None of this sounds like propaganda. The broadcasters insist they are selling America by avoiding anything that smacks of the word.

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The German short wave stations constantly ridicule American dollar democracy in their broadcasts to Latin Americans. Our answer is to send the best entertainment possible, especially the finest music, and never mention democracy. Let it speak for itself.

Yet our spokesmen have their tricks. Plenty of innocent punch can be worked into a talk on "The American Home" or "America from My Window." Almost daily there is a talk on aviation, which will emphasize that aviation is constantly drawing North and South America closer. Most subtle of all is the handling of music. Network band music could be sent by throwing a switch, but swing would offend these Latin American music lovers and therefore the emphasis is more on opera and other classical works. Latin Americans love poetry and every little town has its laureate. NBC capitalized on this by asking all to send their masterpieces to be read weekly on the international ether. American stations are quick to invite visiting Latin American dignitaries to broadcast to their native countries. During the New York World's Fair more than 130 persons were coaxed from the Latin American pavilions to become international radio figures. All stations devote time to describing the frivolities of Hollywood. NBC finds that something for nothing appeals to the Latins just as much as to the tear-the-top-off-the-carton customers up here. Any listener who writes in can have a photograph of a favorite star. The mail is booming, and it is with mail that NBC does its smartest work. All letters are answered and carry the latest commemorative stamp, for each issue tells something of our history. Postmaster General Farley has been prolific in ordering special issues, even of American poets. So many Latin Americans have wished to get Mr. Farley's latest, a dollar or two at a time, that NBC has turned the business over to private stamp dealers.

Selling America costs the privately-operated stations money. NBC spends some $150,000 a year. Walter S. Lemmon, president of the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation and its University of the Air — a non-commercial enterprise sending from the University Club in Boston, helped by the staffs of Harvard and other universities — estimates its operating cost at $100,000 a year, half of which has been supplied lately by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Private companies are willing to spend such money for two reasons:

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first, to prevent government operation in international broadcasting; second, because there may be an eventual profit. Bills were introduced in the last Congress for establishment of government radio stations. If the government got into the international field it would soon edge into the domestic field as well. This is the only country in the world in which broadcasting is exclusively in private hands, and broadcasters want to keep it there.

Short wave stations, with certain restrictions, have recently been permitted by the Federal Communications Commission to accept advertising and send sponsored programs. No such program has yet gone on the air, but the possibility explains why the stations lean to entertainment instead of high propaganda. Before long we may probably find the Ho-Hum Sleep Company selling its mattresses and American democracy in one lump.

To date democracy has nothing to complain about. Nazi government stations send only some twenty-seven hours to South America, more than half of it in the German language. Without the government committing itself, without taxpayers putting up a penny, the American story is told to the world something more than one hundred hours a day.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

By Eva Beard

None shall gainsay the mountain
nor the smoky reaches of the cloud pouring out of it
to the peak of heaven
nor the spear of timothy
thrusting with slender import into the night
nor the pallid mullein
nor the long shagbark looming immense and narrow.

I alone am incredible
I, man, the malcontent
speeding along the road where the mullein grows
the tiger eyes of my chariot tearing the dark asunder.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

Fellow-Traveler, What Now?

SOME months ago we paid our unkind respects to the "totalitarian liberals" of America. The description must have met a real need, since it passed quickly into general circulation. It referred to a lop-sided liberalism that was shrill, intolerant, and obscurantist — a pseudo-liberalism in open partnership with one of the bloodiest and most illiberal dictatorships.

The totalitarian liberal was a product of economic depression. Panic-stricken by the loss of his sense of security, finding the pressures of a reactionary period too much for him, he ended dismally by embracing the Muscovite brand of reaction. He declared a moratorium on thinking and put his conscience in the keeping of Comrade Stalin's paid agents. The totalitarian liberals had their organs of expression: the more courageous of them in the *New Masses*, the meek and hypocritical in the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. They had their pressure groups and mass organizations in the League of American Writers, the Theatre Arts Committee (TAC), the League for Peace and Democracy, endless committees and bureaus and unions with interlocking directorates and identical views. They knew *a priori* that everything out of the Kremlin was flawless, every critic of Stalin's sadistic butchery a "fascist."

These strange "liberals" subscribed self-righteously to a double standard of political morals. The exploitation of share-croppers in the USA was a crime, their exploitation on government estates in the USSR was socialism. Little purges in Germany were horrifying, but big ones in Russia were the birth-pangs of a better world. Cheka murders in Loyalist Spain were exempt from the judgment applied to political bloodletting elsewhere.

We are not overdrawing the picture. We have at hand a manifesto solemnly issued over the signatures of some 400 of these perverted "liberals" in which those who put Russia and Germany in the same category in the matter of suppression of cultural freedom are smeared

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as "fascists." The resolutions and programs and speeches of their various false-front societies are on record: all of them carbon copies of the views cynically manufactured in Moscow for export.

A great awakening, however, has come to the totalitarian liberals. The unholy alliance of Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin jolted them out of their self-hypnosis. The Soviet highway robbery expedition into Finland shook even the groggiest into some awareness of their real surroundings. Many of the leaders of this army of the blind began to rub their eyes: Heywood Broun before his untimely death, Vincent Sheean, Dr. Frederick L. Schuman, Ralph Bates, Prof. Granville Hicks, certain editors of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, and others. The measure of their self-delusion is in the fact that it took a Nazi-Soviet combine and an invasion of Finland to make them see the obvious. These men present a most unappetizing spectacle. It appears from what they wrote after the awakening that they were not entirely asleep after all, but only playing possum to fool the innocents.

In any case, these articulate ones have the satisfaction of a public confession. But what of the multitude whom they deliberately or innocently misled? What of the simple-minded, from Park Avenue to Beverly Hills, who threw cocktail parties, collected shekels, yelled, picketed and turned somersaults on the earnest assurances of the Sheeans and Brouns and the rest that Stalin represented "a higher type of democracy," that thousands of Russians deserved their death by purge because they "plotted with Hitler," that the Kremlin's capture of the Loyalist cause in Spain was in the interests of "democracy?" What of the American boys killed and maimed in Spain in the service of a party which the intellectual recruiting officers themselves now brand as phony and fascist?

The messiahs and crusaders and pressagents of the Kremlin in America had been taken in by the "Trojan horse" strategy of an international conspiracy. They, in turn, took in a multitude of lesser folk. The whole thing added up to a fantastic hoax. And the great fraud in the last few years has had a more profound effect on our national life than most Americans realize. It has put its stamp in some degree on government, trade unionism, the college campus, journalism, youth movements, churches, and general culture. In most departments of American culture — literature, theatre, cinema,

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education, journalism — the hoax had a devastating influence. The domination of the fellow-travelers amounted to intellectual terror in many fields. They succeeded in making mental integrity look like a crime against "progress."

Most of the participants in the great fraud are coming to their senses. Even those who have not yet admitted their change of mind are harassed and humiliated inwardly. The editors of the so-called "liberal" weeklies are squirming pathetically, determined at all costs to avoid admitting that they had taken their clientele for a ride. The window-dressing leaders of the false-front organizations are running away; though some are uncertain whether it is nobler to admit being a dupe or being a charlatan. But all those who were directly or indirectly involved in the fraud feel themselves, in various degree, fooled, outraged, humiliated. The more sincere they have been in the past, the deeper now is their dismayed disillusionment.

II

In all of this we have no intention of gloating over their discomfiture. For all its ludicrous trimmings, their plight is really tragic. The danger now is that great numbers of Americans in all walks of life, having been imposed upon under "progressive" slogans, will turn viciously against everything progressive. Having been led into a totalitarian morass by self-styled "liberals," they will renounce liberalism as an imposture. To put it plainly: American liberalism had been captured by political racketeers in recent years. It had renounced its heritage of human decency, respect for life, horror of injustice. In its eagerness to justify a special set of lies, it had lost its instinct for the truth. The Trojan horsemen had lured American liberalism into defending the "lesser evil" (now, alas, revealed as merely part and parcel of the greater evil), into a miasma of pettifogging apologetics. The danger is that the bankruptcy of totalitarianism posing as liberal and progressive will be mistaken for the bankruptcy of liberalism and progressive thought.

Actually, of course, the exposure of the lying liberalism, its crooked manipulators and its deluded victims is all to the good. It clears the air. It provides the basis for a return to honest liberalism. Even through the years of the intellectual blight, there have been those who held on to their sanity. They opposed horror and know-nothing reaction no matter how beguilingly packaged.

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They remained consistently liberal despite the fact that the "official" liberals called them ugly names. Genuine liberalism and sane progressive attitudes did not die of asphyxiation, even though breathing was often terribly difficult.

The disillusioned fellow-travelers feel themselves orphaned and betrayed. But if their concern for their fellow-men was real and robust, and not merely the acceptance of "fashionable" poses, they are not alone. Their passion for justice and their interest in conserving civilized values are assets which must not be lost to American democracy. The "phonys" will remain in the Stalinist rackets or find a place in some other racket. The honest ones should find their place in honest movements — honestly liberal, honestly radical, honestly conservative.

The exposure of the great fraud must not be distorted into a witch-hunt. The profound disillusionment must not be made an alibi for suspending the Bill of Rights. On the contrary, the validity of our system of civil rights has been proved and justified. The cure will be infinitely worse than the ailment if, in the reaction against totalitarian liberals, we allow ourselves to be stampeded into a totalitarian fury of destruction.

In our view it would be a mischievous blunder, for instance, to drive communist organizations underground. Insofar as these organizations are merely agencies of a foreign government, they should be exposed and curbed. Insofar as its leaders have broken laws to which all Americans are subject — whether in relation to passports or other matters — they should be held to responsibility for their behavior. But beyond that, action that smacks of the persecution of ideas must be meticulously avoided. Conservatives — if they want to conserve our treasures of civil and human rights — should be in the forefront of those safeguarding the rights of an unpopular minority; the rights of popular majorities do not need defending. Moreover, the one thing that could save the Stalinist party in America is a crown of martyrdom. It would make the members feel "revolutionary" in the romantic sense. It would restore their self-esteem at a time when the Kremlin has done nearly everything possible to shatter it.

The collapse of totalitarian liberalism should be a triumph for true liberalism — unless narrow-minded and ill-tempered men among us turn it into a triumph for lunacy of another brand.

— E. L.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

SALVATION wholesale is duly acknowledged by the Samson *Ledger:*

> Joe McCormick brought a load of Hartford and Slocomb preachers to Samson Tuesday night to attend the Baptist ministerial meeting. Joe is what might be called a public all-round handy man. Whenever Hartford needs anything to be done and done quick, Joe is called on. He always finds time to steal from his duties as rural mail carrier, editor, printer and what not to do his bit toward making Hartford a better place in which to live.

CALIFORNIA

A LONG BEACH statesman nominates himself for Congress in the *Independent* want ads:

> SITUATIONS WANTED
>
> CONGRESSMAN, democratically nationalizing secondary, technical, educational broadcasts; diminishing professional, medical, legalistic "knowledge monopolies." George Livesey.

FLORIDA

THE science of aeronautics is advanced in Miami, the AP advises:

> Charley Darnes won a race in which the word 'take-off' had a double meaning. It was the 'take-off-your-pants race.' In it participants took off, circled the pylon, landed, took off their trousers, took off their planes (this is getting complicated), landed, hopped into their trousers, took off again, circled the pylon, landed and ran to the judges' stand.

INDIANA

A MUNCIE statesman acts boldly in defense of American morals, according to the Associated Press:

> City Councilman H. Harold Stanley is waging a one-man campaign against undraped clothing dummies. He told the Council last night that "the models are lifelike and true to color and should not be permitted in the windows when unclothed." Unless window dressers in women's shops drew their shades while they worked, he added, he would introduce an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to show manikins naked.

PROGRESS of science in Terre Haute, generously revealed by Rufus Ross through the local *Star:*

> I INVITE EVERYONE to see that it is possible, profitable, simple, quick, easy, pleasant and really real fun for most people to become able to quickly and easily see, know, tell and do things unbelievable for anyone to, by following the instructions and training show people use to develop others so others can drive autos through crowded streets while blindfolded without mishaps, also do all other things possible for anyone to do, including telling what is in ground, water and buildings

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anywhere and then go there and get it or prove it just as they told about it.

KANSAS

A COLUMNIST in the Olathe *Mirror* has the solution for all your troubles:

> If I were empress I think maybe I'd decree that everyone past 25, Democrat or Republican, Fascist or Communist, should face a firing squad. That would give the children a chance to make a fresh start without any bad examples to handicap them. Some of the more fortunate ones wouldn't even be able to remember their elders' pious cult of the sanctity of sorrow, their conviction of despair. And maybe a better world would come to be.

MARYLAND

ZOÖLOGICAL note from the Easton *Democrat:*

> Mrs. Sarah Allen is seriously sick at her home in Bayly's Neck, and all persons are requested by her sons to stop coming to see the big hog until she improves.

MINNESOTA

MIRACLES of faith are reported in the local religious news:

> The Rev. Virgil C. Jump, Cleveland, distributed 100 silver dollars among the congregation of his Glenville First Methodist church for use in earning other money. Members are to return the dollars with the increases in earnings June 18, when the pastor will preach on "The Return of the Talents."

MISSOURI

How to cure drunkenness, as reported by the AP from Independence:

> A housewife complained to Assistant Police Chief Hal Phillips her husband wouldn't quit drinking and asked for Phillips' advice. In an effort to curb her husband's thirst, she said, she already had hit him with a broom, locked him out of the house, left him, taken him back, filed suit for divorce, withdrawn the suit. Also she had thrown cold water on him, thrown a pot of hot coffee on him, then hit him with the pot; knocked some of his teeth out, and finally, in desperation, quit drinking herself.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE spirit of gallantry flourishes in Charleston, according to local theatre program announcement:

> Miriam Winslow and Foster-Fitz-Simons, superb professional ballet-artists, are being brought to Charleston by the Dock Street Theatre. . . . Prices for the event are as follows: Adults, $2.00; Member-Adults, $1.50; Junior Members, 75¢. As a special concession to Mr. Fitz-Simon's wide family connections in this section, his cousins will be admitted at a special price of $1.25.

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Unimportance of Man

The sinking of a warship, by the standards we observe, is news. The building of a skyscraper is news; and so are our divorces and revolutions and electrocutions and fist fights at the Stork Club. Chipmunks, however, are not news. The doings of barn swallows are not chronicled in our papers. No word gets printed about what is happening in badger holes. This being so — this preoccupation with the doings of our own particular species being so long established a tradition — it is not surprising that we think we are almost the only creatures on the earth. Certainly, we think, we are the most numerous and the most important.

It has a salutary, humbling effect, now and then, to remember that our biological importance, in the scheme of this planet, is minuscule in the extreme. The trees would get on very well if we all disappeared tomorrow. We do not transport forest seeds in our alimentary canals, as the birds do. No indispensable pollen adheres to our legs, as it does to bees.' Even more salutary is it to reflect that, far from being a numerous tribe, we are one of the sparsest and most negligible species on the face of the globe. We simply make more noise, are more wrapped up in ourselves, than the non-reflective kinds of beast can be; we create, by our self-concerned chatterings and rumpuses, the illusion of numerical largeness.

Actually, ours is not the Age of Man—in fact it is not an Age of Mammals at all, but an Age of Insects. Thus far the entomologists, not without awe, have recorded some 700,000 varieties of them, and my entomological friends feel confident that there are probably four times as many kinds again which have not yet been discovered and catalogued. The number of individual insects is so vast that there are no figures, except in the most rarefied reaches of our mathematics, to express it. Under the bark of the single sugar-maple outside my window there are more beetles than there are human inhabitants in this entire township;

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on a summer day the crickets and gnats and ladybirds in the small copse on the hill easily outnumber the human inhabitants of the United States. Overturn any rock in any field and there are disclosed whole colonies and settlements of the creatures whose Age, properly speaking, this is. We are too self-absorbed to hear it, but there is a humming of trillion wings in our atmosphere, and an omnipresent rustling of little creeping, crawling legs.

We are not outnumbered only by the insects. The earthworms are more numerous than we are. The periwinkles are more plentiful. We share the planet with upward of 200 kinds of snakes. We share it with 300 sorts of turtles, and 14,000 multivarious varieties of birds. Ourselves a mammal, we are only one of 4000 living mammal breeds, and all the mammals put together make a poorish showing against the 15,000 sorts of little spiders. It is easy enough to recite the statistics. It is less easy to go out and see for ourselves, and remind ourselves of how small a tribe we are and how very many are our fellow creatures of the earth. Now, in mid-winter, is the time to do it.

The innumerable legions of our co-tenants of this world have learned to conceal themselves, to be inconspicuous, to withdraw themselves from sight when we are around. For they have discovered that, though we are so tiny a species, we have a unique proficiency in killing and a unique desire for altering the nature of things. And so the deer have learned to stand very still, among the hemlocks, when a man-scent is on the wind; the rabbits have learned to flatten themselves in the tall grass and not be seen; the weasels have found it prudent to flee. In consequence, a man can walk through a forest or a meadow in the thick-foliaged time of summer, and suppose that he is the only vertebrate alive in it.

He can stride across the country and, save for a robin or a wren or two, never see the flash of a wing. Man does not see the eagle, in the high air; he does not see the little ribbon snake, whisking away into the meadow grass at the tread of his boots. He sees only himself and his blustery fellow men, and is complacent in his importance.

But the snow is on the ground now. Such of our fellow earth creatures as are still abroad, and have not retired into burrows like the woodchucks or fallen asleep in rock crannies like the snakes, cannot come and go about their errands without leaving a mark. The print of their passage is in the

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snow. The signature of their existence is written plain. This is the time, now, for going out and looking at it.

II

This morning I walked up my own wooded hill, along an old logging road, and made a tour of ten or fifteen acres. I walked there yesterday, and saw no living creature except a chickadee. There was not a stirring in the still woods. There was not a single evidence that any animal but myself was frequenting the birch thickets and exploring the overgrown hedges of old quince trees and pigeon berries. But during the night it snowed. This morning, on my hillside, there is ample testimony to the fact that I am neighbored and encompassed by earth-dwellers too numerous to estimate.

There must be a hundred rabbit-trails in those woods this morning — queer little zigzag trails in which the hindfoot prints precede the forefoot ones. Last night, while I was asleep in this soundless countryside, the rabbits issued forth and took possession of the world. They gnawed at the trunks of apple trees; they scampered among the frozen bittersweet; they came down — as I should never know, were the tracks not there — close beside my house, and pattered on swift silent feet around my door-yard, filching frozen stems from last year's asparagus bed. There must have been twenty of them, to judge by the tracks and the droppings. During the dark hours, this countryside, which I am accustomed with a good deal of complacence to think of as mine, was taken over and owned by quite a different race — a race of thick-furred beings more fleet and fecund and sharp-incisored than men are.

The rabbits were not alone. There were deer, too. Their sharp hoof prints are everywhere on the snowy hillside, and by the packing and trampling of the snow the herd seems to have numbered many members. There is a deer trail, starting in the deep woods on the hill, that comes even to my door. Some time last night a deer stood right beside my front steps, where we think of only human beings standing. Its hoof marks point toward the door. It must have stood there, looking in. I think, by the number of the deer trails in the snow today, that there must have been at least a score of deer last night, pawing at the frozen earth on my land, sniffing at my door-sills. There are not that many human beings in all this piece of

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countryside. . . . We are only a little handful, we human beings here, for all the noise of our tractors and the extent of our scoring of the earth. We are only a meager little species with a tenuous foothold in a kingdom that for a great many millennia has been the living place of white-tailed deer and rabbits.

There were owls abroad last night — the print of their wing tips is in the snow — and foxes, and an uncountable band of white-footed mice. None of them made any sound. They prowled around their ancient demesne so quietly, so surreptitiously, that only the snow-record lets me know how vastly I was companioned. The hundreds of tiny trails of the mice run between the cedar trees, and over to the well house, and almost all the trails converge at last at a point in the old rock-and-mortar foundation of my house where, I see, there is a hole. When they are not out foraging, the mice live in my cellar. They are very quiet dwellers there. I did not know, until I saw the snow prints this morning, that in my house I was so very far from being alone.

We human beings make an immense amount of pother over our activities. We shout and antic noisily; we do not conceal ourselves. And so it seems to us, quite often, that we must really be a very numerous and consequential tribe, and that our doings and our problems are the major doings and the major problems of the earth. It is a good thing now and then to remember that there are far more kinds of lizards than there are kinds of men, and that the lizards have been here rather longer. A city like New York has a stalwart and imposing look, and its throngs seem big; but there is a greater populace of earthworms in the acreage of Central Park. We need to make only a very small misstep, biologically speaking, to vanish from this earth. We need to err only slightly, as a species, to disappear the way we came. The teeming earth life of the planet would hardly remark our going.

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POETRY

MANGOES

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

This is a fruit the jungle hangs in gold
Festoons — against barbaric fabrics spun
At night for dawn to fling out fold on fold —
Part tang of night, part languor of the sun.
A secret warmth glows through the tawny skin,
As on the cheeks of jungle girls who bear
The fruit to market; lusciousness, held in,
Insinuates itself upon the air.

The first bite tingles on expectant lips
With chill and fire combined to disconcert
The taste grown dull, and rich profusion drips
From capture, while the senses grow alert . . .
This fruit is challenging, and strange and new —
Not meant for nibblers — and elusive, too!

HEART FOR TRANSIENTS

By Kaye Starbird

My heart is like an inn that waits
With feeble hearth-fires burning
For footsteps sounding at the gates,
Footsteps that will be turning
Tomorrow out across the hill,
Leaving no mark upon the sill.

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My heart is like an inn where men
May stop but never stay;
It wants no guest who halts to fan
The firelight up from gray,
No guest who wears the doorsill thin
Then turns and seeks another inn.

My heart is like an inn that learned
From one guest long ago
How cold a fire may be that burned
Too brightly, and how slow
The footsteps blur that pause until
Their mark is printed on the sill.

SONNET PAGAN

By Colin Keith-Johnston

Since you have broken my idols and destroyed
My young ideals ere they had yielded fruit
Shown my illusions rotten at the root
And left my soul of hope and courage void;
I tell you this, you proud iconoclast
I shall not rest 'til you have builded me
New gods before whose thrones to bow the knee
More durable than those you have outcast
Give me again my faith that I may know
The hot incentive of my yesterdays
Kindle my blackened altars with fresh blaze
Lest godless, guideless to the end I go.

And yet — though I entreat for idols new
I can conceive no other God but You.

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THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

NO ARMS, NO ARMOUR, by Robert Henriques. $2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart.* Major Henriques is the 34-year-old winner of the Second All-Nations Prize Novel Competition. Tubby Windrush, soldier and sportsman, a subaltern in the British Army of 1928–30, is his hero, through whose eyes we see a wholly different army life than that which has been commonly portrayed in military fiction. These involved, unhappy officers nurse secret passions and talk in modern psychological lingo. Sound, sensitive, well-organized.

TO STEP ASIDE, by Noel Coward. $2.50. *Doubleday, Doran.* These tricky and sometimes diverting oddments are better listened to — in abbreviated form — than read. Shallow, flimsy constructions which hit the spot now and then because of neat surprises. What Coward can get across by a gesture, an accent, an ironic pause in his acting is not equally entertaining when simply noted on uncompromising paper.

BATTLE STATIONS, by Alec Hudson. $1.25. *Macmillan.* Novelette of undersea warfare. Everything that can happen to submarines happens in this one, an engaging thriller.

CAPITAL CITY, by Mari Sandoz. $2.50. *Little Brown.* The author of *Slogum House* will hardly make William Allen White happy with this acid story of a seething western state "Kanewa." Miss Sandoz bares social unscrupulousness where no holds are barred and the devil takes some who are in the forefront as well as the hindmost. Sharp, slashing, and worth reading.

ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON, by Leonard Ross. $2.00. *Harcourt Brace.* Washington news correspondent inspired by milk turns sleuth and aids Congressional investigation. Fast paced and amusing.

BIOGRAPHY

J. PIERPONT MORGAN: An Intimate Portrait 1837–1913, by Herbert L. Satterlee. $3.75. *Macmillan.* Mr. Satterlee, son-in-law of his subject, expressly notes that his biography was not written "to please the family." If this is so, it is difficult to see what other purpose his "intimate portrait" could have had. A forceful answer to the critics of the dynamic financier, based on new and old sources, would have been at least an interesting contribution to the record. Instead this biography, where it departs from the humdrum personal details, is a conglomeration of generalization, glib glossing and unverified refutation in the tradition of Big Business hagiography.

KNIGHT OF THE SEAS, The Adventurous Life of John Paul Jones, by Valentine Thomson. $3.50. *Liveright.* Sound and salty biography based on solid research. It would have gained by compression, however, since a good part of the detail has interest only for the specialist. Mr. Thomson's thumbnail sketches of incidental personalities are excellent.

BERNARD'S BRETHREN, by Charles Macmahon Shaw, with comments by Bernard Shaw. $3.00. *Holt.* Cousin Charles makes his contribution to Shaviana with a short history of the Shaw clan. GBS fumes and corrects in

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marginal passages printed in red. When Charles refers to his cousin's "strict upbringing," Cousin Bernard remarks, "Rubbish! I was brought up anarchically, and was a Freethinker before I knew how to think." There's a strained note about the whole thing.

ALFRED ADLER, by Phyllis Bottome. $3.00. *Putnams.* Miss Bottome had a great affection for the subject of her biography, but she has not succeeded in doing an adequately objective job. Her attempt to explain the Freud-Adler conflict is neither good popularization nor a definitive statement of the technical issues. She quotes with approval Alexander Neuer who compared Adler to Trotsky and Freud to Stalin. Adler-Trotsky had broken "away from the parent stem," and while Freud-Stalin continued to excoriate his former associate he nevertheless took over, without credit, the basic theories of his erstwhile colleague. Not a very helpful contribution to psychology, but a decidedly interesting collection of anecdotes about the founder of individual psychology.

MISCELLANEOUS

CANDLE IN THE DARK, A Postscript to Despair, by Irving Edman. $1.25. *Viking.* Rather more cheering in style than in content. Dr. Edman's conclusions are saved from Pollyanna-ism by his fluency. "Even if our worst fears are realized, Nature will still breathe easily, and generate new men in new times to have hopes and fears again." Even if this simple faith in the evolutionary cycle were justified by the evidence — which it is not — it would hardly make the mining of our civilization, such as it is, easier to swallow. An extremely entertaining and stimulating volume.

THE AWAKENING OF AMERICA, by V. F. Calverton. $3.75. *John Day.* It is a unique delight to find this history of the colonies written with a robust sweep and the happy quality of forthright statement and frank and challenging characterization. Calverton is never far from the dust of the archives and he is ready at the lifting of an eyebrow to offer his proofs to the reader, but at the same time he regards history as more than a catalog of documents and a file of facts. To him history is the lively, frequently ruthless story of struggling groups of men, destroying and building, seeking life's necessities and pursuing their vision as they understand it. His purpose is "to reread American history in different terms — in terms of the ruled instead of the rulers, the underdogs instead of the top dogs."

REVOLUTION IN LAND, by Charles Abrams. $3.00. *Harpers.* The consultant for the United States Housing Authority dynamites a few of the ramshackle theories about land which have held sway in some circles up to the present, largely by default. He demonstrates statistically that in the United States land is not an all-absorbing octopus feeding off industry, as claimed by the Henry George gospel. Instead, land has become a weak sister, underfed and exploited by her younger brother, industrial capitalism. He speaks of the "unearned decrement" which is levied by the state on land ownership and "falls with the most crushing force upon the small farmer and the owner of a modest home." Ultimately the solution to the problem lies in a large measure of land-nationalization. The suggested plan "would finally leave in private hands only that portion of the land which can consistently and logically be left in private hands." Industrial techniques must be applied to cultivation of land and efficient modern unit production of houses should be introduced as steps toward raising the national living standard. The question which this statement of the problem raises is: how to develop democratic controls which will prevent growing government power in land from becoming a vested interest acting against the people.

TIMETABLE FOR TRAMPS, A Nostalgic Counterpoint to War, by Tibor Koeves. $3.00. *Houghton Mifflin.* The cheery cosmopolitanism of this inveterate Hungarian traveler is somewhat behind the times. If his witticisms crackle, they must be heard above the noise

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of bombs falling on many of the places he philosophizes about. This volume written with frequent brilliance and consistent good humor will stand as a small but neat memorial of a day when the lights were at least partly lit in Europe.

CRUSADERS FOR AMERICAN LIBERALISM, by Louis Filler. $3.50. *Harcourt Brace.* This urbane and conscientious history of the muckraking period in America fills an important gap. The author has assembled the scattered materials, infused the by-lines we are wont to toss around with substance, and re-interpreted the meaning of the muckraking movement. The muckrakers "fell short of completing their work. They retreated in the face of organized business's attacks, and they broke down completely in their first experience with international affairs." But, says Mr. Filler, "they succeeded in uniting the country. America, in 1900, had not been a union. The cultural spadework of the muckrakers synthesized it as surely as did the actual spadework of transcontinental highways."

WORLD WITHOUT END, The Saga of Southeastern Europe, by Stoyan Pribichevich. $3.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* Mr. Pribichevich, a native of Jugoslavia who has lived in the United States for several years, draws a comprehensive picture of the complex of forces, movements, and histories which make up the pattern of southeastern Europe. To the Balkan peasants "who stubbornly follow their outlawed Peasant Parties, Fascism is only another hated 'city ideology.' Besides, the Balkanite may be easy to exploit, but he is difficult to regiment. . . . While he may submit for some time to misuse by his own king-dictator who leaves him alone in his private life, there is nothing he ridicules more than goose-stepping and saluting automatons. . . ." Sound, responsible current history.

THE CHALLENGE OF ADOLESCENCE, by Ira S. Wile, M.D. $3.50. *Greenberg.* Sweeps broadly over the enormous area covered by the problems of adolescence and more often than not strikes home. Occasionally Dr. Wile's formulae border on the pedantic and sometimes his generalizations are unsupported. However, when the author holds to his knitting he writes with deep understanding and sometimes with a poetic accent.

FOLK SONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND, by Eloise Hubbard Linscott. $5.00. *Macmillan.* The scope of the collection extends beyond the limits of the title. Mrs. Linscott has assembled singing games from the antique "Here stands an old maid forsaken" to "Here we go gathering nuts in May." Country dances, sea chanteys, ballads, folk songs, and ditties are all included.

WASTED MANPOWER, The Challenge of Unemployment, by Corrington Gill. $2.75. *Norton.* The assistant WPA commissioner presents a cogent picture of the problem which is the national headache. Thrift for an economic system has meaning, says Mr. Gill, only when the economy has use for savings. "When savings become excessive this private virtue becomes a public vice. The big problems in the present order of things are, first, to increase consumption levels so that relatively more of our national income will be spent and relatively less saved, and, second, to encourage private industry and push public investment so as to utilize the money that is saved."

BLACKOUT, The Human Side of Europe's March to War, by Hubert P. Earle. $2.00. *Lippincott.* If not exactly "the human side," the son of former Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, who spent last summer at the American embassy in Paris, gives an interesting, anecdotal account of some minor experiences during the weeks leading up to Armageddon.

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE, by George C. D. Odell. $8.75. Columbia U. Press. Volume nine of Prof. Odell's immensely valuable history of the New York stage. This carries the work to 1882, and is in every way up to the standard set by former volumes.

(*Additional reviews on page 252*)

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THE OPEN FORUM

THE HALO ON POLAND

SIR: Max Nomad's post-mortem on Poland in your December issue states that poverty, particularly in the eastern provinces of Poland, had gradually become "appalling" under Polish rule. One may agree that poverty certainly existed, but such a statement can only be placed beside one to the effect that conditions throughout Poland, urban as well as rural, were immeasurably better than they had ever been under the pre-1918 regimes. Throughout the article the author makes much ado of the inefficiency of the Polish government in bringing about the millennium, but he most carefully avoids any reference to the fact that the task of Poland since 1918 has been infinitely greater than that of any other European state. Neither does Mr. Nomad consider at all the fact that Poland was more completely devastated than any other country during the World War, a condition which necessitated building literally from the ground up.

In twenty years what were just a few of the concrete accomplishments of the Poles? A universal system of education, which for the post-war generation has practically eliminated illiteracy; hospitalization and the socialization of medicine to an extent that many western countries have yet to reach; a high degree of industrialization which was just giving promise of alleviating much of the poverty of which Mr. Nomad complains so bitterly; Gdynia, an entirely new port which rivaled the best that Europe could offer; and an increasingly thriving merchant marine. The treatment of minorities comes in for quite a bit of cudgeling at Mr. Nomad's hands. Is he aware of the fact that the Ukrainians had schools in their own language and that they enjoyed a large measure of local autonomy? Mr. Nomad is very exercised indeed when he speaks of the Jewish problem in Poland. He of course knows that Poland had the largest percentage of Jews of any European country. He should know that this condition existed because Poland through centuries had provided a haven for the persecuted race.

Polish foreign policy, we are led to believe, was also incompetent and amateurish. To go a short way with Mr. Nomad, one can certainly say that during 1939 Polish foreign policy had lost the keen edge of realism, but even conceding that Polish foreign policy was faulty during the past year, can anyone say that from a larger point of view it has failed? There was never any question that Poland, in the event of conflict with Germany, would be overwhelmed.

Whether the final decision was reached in a month or in six months is immaterial; the basic fact is that Europe could not possibly escape the consequences of whatever action Poland took in the waning days of August 1939. Holding the key to the future of Europe, Poland, unwillingly but none the less deliberately, threw the lock. Although that act may have for the nonce spelled *finis* for Poland politically, it accomplished its prime objective.

The fate of Europe becomes identical with the fate of Poland.

JOHN P. ELLIOTT

Lutherville,
Maryland.

SIR: Far be it from me to condone all of the policies of the "Colonels" referred to in the article by Max Nomad, but Mr. Nomad takes the Colonels to task for not bringing utopia to Polish citizens. Does he remember that the Poles were compelled to strike out from

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scratch — that their country was the eastern battleground during the World War, three-fourths ruined? Never a rich manufacturing country, Poland was, nevertheless, forging ahead, if not rapidly, at least steadily. Its agricultural products were finding ready customers all over the world and expanding their markets daily. The merchant fleet, small though it might appear in our eyes, was the pride of the Polish people.

Now let us consider the Teschen Question. Long before Sudetenland was Germanized, Teschen was Polish and remained Polish. When the Poles and Czechs delineated their respective boundaries, Teschen was on the Polish side but, during Poland's war with Russia — which Mr. Nomad claims it lost but which every historian and commentator claims it won, preventing Bolshevism from spreading over Europe for at least twenty years — the Czechs moved their army beyond the agreed line of demarcation.

VICTOR L. CARR

Shamokin,
Pennsylvania.

SIR: Nations are like people in at least one regard: everyone speaks well of them — after they're dead. Now that Czechoslovakia and Poland and Austria are dead, they have been fitted out with halos. Somehow the world has forgotten that Czechoslovakia was rather this side of paradise (its minority groups could testify to that!). The behavior of little Dollfuss who bombarded the workers' tenements in Vienna is overlooked. And — but I pause at Poland. Your magazine in the article "Poland without a Halo" by Max Nomad, had the courage to speak the truth even in a funeral oration.

The mistakes, corruptions, stupidities of the late Polish government are certainly not to be blamed upon the Polish people. *They* have the sympathy of the civilized world and one day will also have the assistance of the civilized world.

M. G. WARSHAWSKY

Buffalo,
New York.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: Confronted with the incredible misery of the Polish peasants whose plight exceeded even that of the Russian *moujik* — the defenders of the Colonels speak of the devastation Poland had to suffer during the World War. But Belgium and northern France had likewise undergone all the horrors of an invasion. Nobody expected the rulers of Poland to bring about the millennium or to build a utopia; but whoever was familiar with the agrarian problem in Poland had the right to ask why the Colonels refused to give land to the peasants and why they permitted a parasitic landed nobility to own enormous tracts and to disport themselves in royal fashion in Warsaw or Paris, while the majority of their peasants went without matches, kerosene, or salt. But the Colonels preferred to blame it all on the War of more than twenty years ago — or on the Jews — just as the Bolsheviks blamed everything on the "blockade" and later on the "Trotskyites." No matter how much the friends of the Colonel protest, it remains a fact that the great majority of Poland's population were worse off in 1939 than they had been before the World War.

Mr. Elliott's boast about the elimination of illiteracy (which is more than an exaggeration), about hospitalization and industrialization, is a literal repetition of all the excuses and arguments used by admirers of the Stalin regime. The Colonels and the Commissars agreed on one thing at least: they were ready to give their subjects all the blessings of modern civilization, except sufficient food, clothing, housing space and the right to have a say in anything.

Unwittingly Messrs. Elliott and Carr have succeeded in showing up all the naïve, self-centered impudence of the Colonels' nationalism. Mr. Carr claims Teschen as "Polish" and is sore at the Czechoslovaks for grabbing it in 1920. Now, *historically*, Teschen never belonged to Poland and for seven hundred years it had been directly or indirectly in the orbit of Bohemia (the ancient name of Czechoslovakia). But the Polish nationalists

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who claim the right to rule over millions of Ukrainians, White-Russians, Germans, and Lithuanians because the territories inhabited by them once belonged to the ancient Polish Kingdom, refuse to grant the same "historical right" to their Czech neighbors, and in this particular case insist upon the right of racial self-determination. In the same way Hitler claims, on the one hand, all lands inhabited by Germans, and, on the other hand, all the other lands on the principle of the need for *Lebensraum.*

MAX NOMAD

New York City.

APPRECIATION OF "UTOPIA"

SIR: "Utopia on Fifth Avenue" in your January issue was read aloud to a small coterie of convivial souls, all of whom had been communists of various shades during a former period or stage of mental growth. The reading continued amid a barrage of quips, clever asides, belly laughs and high hilarity. It was voted by all as the best piece of satire appearing in THE MERCURY in a long time and worth two years' subscription price.

LOUIS NOLAN

Detroit.

DEMOCRACY — BUT NOT AS IS

SIR: As a black man in a white democracy, only a sense of humor keeps me from becoming a cynic when I read such twaddle as Jesse Stuart's In Praise of Democracy, printed in the December Open Forum. Having displayed his ignorance of things economic, social, and political in the United States, Mr. Stuart ends his symphony of blunders with a Fourth of July swing: "We should fight to keep our country as it is. . . ." This is indeed patriotic nonsense and blind reaction. It is a throwback to the days of the grade-school declamations. It is difficult to understand how an intellectual American would want his country to remain *as it is.* Is Mr. Stuart advocating the continuance of poverty, crime, class and racial jim-crowism, wage-slavery, prostitution, corrupt politics, vigilante terrorism, technological unemployment, and lynching? We who love America and its infinite possibilities refuse to accept Mr. Stuart's categorical and definitive *as it is.* We are fighting for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. When we say "the people," we mean democracy for all races and creeds and classes.

M. B. TOLSON

Marshall,
Texas.

ANGRY EDITOR

The appearance of "Angry Editor of the South," by Craddock Goins, in the December MERCURY was saluted in the following fashion by the subject of the article, Maj. Frederick Sullens, in the pages of his Jackson, Mississippi, *News:*

"CRAD" NEEDED MONEY

The editor of the *Daily News* has been "written up" at some length by Craddock Goins in the current issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. It's an attempt at biography, a new field of writing for the author, and a rather badly bungled job.

Only apparent excuse for the article is that Craddock Goins needed the money he got for writing it. "Crad" is always in need of money.

Generally speaking, the article is about half-true, and that's as the near the truth as "Crad" should ever be expected to get.

Grotesqueness and ordinary exaggerations in the picture can be forgiven but one statement must be flatly contradicted. THE MERCURY biography intimates that the editor of the *Daily News* is not a good poker player. That's false. Of course, he may not win very often but he still is a good disciple and exponent of the nation's greatest indoor sport even when drawing to inside straights or trying to bluff with busted flushes.

However, "Crad" needed the money, so let it go at that.

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HEIL SCHICKELGRUBER!

SIR: Vincent Sheean, in *Not Peace But a Sword,* says that Hitler narrowly escaped being called by his father's Bohemian-German name of Schickelgruber. What a break! It is conceivable that if Adolf had carried on under his real name it would have had a powerful influence on European — perhaps world — history. Fancy hordes of nascent Nazis, with arms uplifted in their silly salute, shouting "Heil SCHICKELGRUBER!" Will some enlightened reader of THE MERCURY be kind enough to tell me the meaning, if any, of the word "Schickelgruber," and how, when and why A. Schickelgruber became possessed of his current cognomen?

JAMES ROSS

Manila,
P. I.

QUOTING LOUIS FISCHER

SIR: More and more of those who have devoted themselves to misinforming America about Russia are now blabbing the truth — belatedly. Obviously they have not discovered the facts about the Stalinist all-Russian prison suddenly. They knew the facts all along, but *deliberately suppressed them.* One of the more recent and rather sudden converts to truth is Louis Fischer, once the oracle of the so-called liberals on all things Russian. In the light of his present denunciations of Stalin's foreign policies and domestic butchery, and with the rape of Finland fresh in memory, here are a few samples of words which Mr. Fischer should be made to eat, taken from his articles — August 22, 1936: "This Soviet phenomenon of democracy succeeding dictatorship is therefore unique in history and may remain the only instance in history of the voluntary abdication of a dictatorship." March 27, 1937: "The Russian social system is by its very nature anti-fascist." July 22, 1939 (one month before the Stalin-Hitler Pact): "Stalin knows that he must safeguard the British and French empires lest fascism become too strong to cope with."

Such nonsense can be excused only on the basis of ignorance, but men like Fischer haven't even that much alibi for misleading the American reading public.

SAM BARON

New York City.

FREE SPEECH FOR LINDBERGH

SIR: Your editorial in the December MERCURY titled "Lindy, Lindy", has prompted me to write a few lines in defense of the embattled Colonel. While I agree with the main theme of the editorial, I disagree with the attitude toward Col. Lindbergh's opinions on international affairs. The Lindbergh views may be good or bad — that is for his individual listeners and readers to judge. However, I do believe his opinions are entitled to more respect.

Almost all of the critics of Col. Lindbergh have assumed that he is ignorant of everything but the progress of aviation. They have forgotten that more than a decade has passed since he made his memorable flight, during which time he has had ample opportunity to observe that international affairs do not consist solely of transatlantic flights. The Colonel has visited most of the leading nations and has been able to obtain first-hand knowledge of their domestic and foreign problems. He is not illiterate, and can read and comprehend as well as his loudest critics — most of whom have never been outside this country.

HENRY UHLAND

Seattle.

SIR: I cannot refrain from protesting your editorial in the December issue about Charles A. Lindbergh and his radio speech. I believe the gist of the editorial was that success in a certain specialized field of endeavor does not make "a man a sage in all fields." Granting that there is more than a little validity to your argument, still may I ask what men *are* qualified to appear before the public as experts? Who is fitted to tell the people of this country what path they shall pursue in this all-important branch of public policy? Shall

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it be the omniscient pundits who rave and rant in the public prints *à la* Dorothy Thompson? Shall we follow the learned dicta of Walter Lippmann, whom Joseph Wood Krutch so aptly dubbed "Obfuscator de Luxe"? Shall we listen to pink publicists like Vincent Sheean who assured us that the Stalin-Hitler rapprochement would never come off? Shall we turn a receptive ear to the fulminations emanating from the White House and its coterie of world saviors who are saturated with Wilsonian ideas of foreign policy? Perhaps the American League for Peace and Democracy would have something unbiased and objective to offer. Maybe the learned professors of International Law and Political Science, who for years have nourished sophomores on pap handed out by advocates of the League of Nations, would have something of value for the man on the street.

I say let Mr. Lindbergh, or anybody else who can get on the air, speak his piece — regardless of whether they are or have been "statesmen" or publicists or professional world saviors. They may not speak in the jargon currently popular with the armchair foreign experts and the pseudo-intellectuals, but nothing they say could sound more nonsensical and ludicrous than the formal pronouncements of our statesmen and the drivel of the publicists.

WAYNE FREEMAN

Ada,
Ohio.

THE WRONG ELKS

SIR: Herbert Solow's article concerning the League for Peace and Democracy in your December edition, grievously libels the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and its hundreds of thousands of members, who are all sincere, loyal American citizens. He stated that J. Finley Wilson, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, "wordily" greeted the League's 1939 Congress. For your information, Dr. Leo McCormick, an eminent Toledo physician, was Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in 1938-1939, and was succeeded this summer by Hon. Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Illinois, a highly respected attorney, banker, and businessman. I am sure that neither of these two intelligent gentlemen would be "taken in" either personally or as representative of our Grand Lodge, by this organization, regardless of its fine-sounding title.

My understanding is that J. Finley Wilson is leader of a Negro organization bearing a name similar to ours but having absolutely no connection with our organization.

MORRIS ROTH,
Past Exalted Ruler
New Brunswick Lodge No. 324 B. P. O. E.
New Brunswick,
New Jersey.

(We join Mr. Solow in apologizing for the error. — Ed.)

IN BRIEF

Samuel W. Rushmore of Plainfield, New Jersey, conducts a one-man campaign against political skullduggery in his state. For ten years he has fought many drag-'em-out legal battles with "the machine." When our article "New Jersey: Politicians' Paradise," by McAlister Coleman, was published in the December issue (and eloquently ignored by the press of that state), Mr. Rushmore obtained our authorization to reprint it in New Jersey newspapers — *as an advertisement.* But he could not find a New Jersey paper with the courage to sell space for an exposé of the local political rackets. After being turned down by one paper after another, on various and far-fetched pretexts, he gave it up as hopeless. . . . From Waycross, Georgia, Jack Williams, Jr., comes forward to defend the Okefenokee Swamp in the south of his state. "Take anything I've got," he pleads, "but don't destroy my ideals about the Great Okefenokee. . . . And if any of your staff would like a good hideaway in case America gets into the war, the swamp will offer a grand refuge." . . .

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM BLEDSOE knows the Hollywood Revolution in close-up. For eighteen months he was in the thick of that fabulous eruption of good-will and gaga. He was formerly on the staff of the NRA Labor Advisory Board and is now assistant professor of economics at Drake University. WITTER BYNNER writes his poetry in Sante Fe; his last book was *The Jade Mountain*, verse from Chinese poets of the T'ang dynasty. ALFRED DUFF COOPER was in the Cabinet with four of the five he discusses; Winston Churchill is a friend of long standing. The gifted GLENN WARD DRESBACH is a MERCURY standby in the poetry department. One of the finest English actors ever to come to America, COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON is remembered best perhaps for his Stanhope in *Journey's End;* verse is his avocation. ELIZABETH KNAUST got progessively disgusted with working for the Nazi Propaganda Ministry, and after four years of it she came to the USA and just stayed. TED LEITZELL wrote the article on Alaska's Matanuska Settlement in our January 1939 issue; Chicago is his home town. A legend in his time, ARTHUR LOCKWOOD has handled "accounts" from Sixth Avenue pawnshops to Herbert Hoover. LAWRENCE MARTIN, a former editor of *Ken*, is now in Mexico, practising what he preaches on escapism. PHILIP RAHV is an editor of *Partisan Review* and outstanding among the younger critics. EARL SPARLING, who has written four books and myriad articles, is now on the New York *Post* staff. JESSE STUART, the Kentucky poet, will be represented soon on the Dutton list by a first novel. KAYE STARBIRD comes from Vermont. FRANK J. TAYLOR, well known magazine writer, lives in San Francisco. When he isn't working on a novel or play, IRVING WALLACE covers Hollywood for fan magazines. ANNA MARY WELLS is writing a book on the Mrs. Brigham Youngs and her article is a sort of preview of it. JEROME WEIDMAN is prominent among America's younger novelists; his last book was *The Horse That Could Whistle Dixie*, a volume of short stories, and his novels include *What's In It For Me* and *I Can Get It For You Wholesale.*

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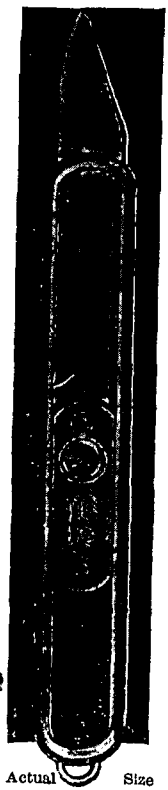

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CHECK LIST

Additional reviews on page 243

FICTION

MICHAEL BEAM, by Richard Matthews Hallet. $2.50. *Houghton Mifflin.* Careful research went into this novel of the post-revolutionary midwest when a man was fined $50 for gouging an eye and a blooming Indian maid was worth one or two ponies. Michael leads a heroic life, but not very convincingly, while the lovely Indian Red Bloom should have been named Ninotchka. History is not enough for successful novelizing.

ROYAL HIGHNESS, by Thomas Mann. $2.50. *Knopf.* This novel was written by Mann when he was not yet thirty. The amazing maturing of his art is nowhere more evident than in this comparatively youthful production. Woven as a fairy-tale, and proceeding to the ending of the younger prince supplanting his older brother as the happy bridegroom of the fairy princess, the story treats a number of questions involving authority, democracy, and morality which have a remarkably current ring.

WASTE HERITAGE, by Irene Baird. $2.50. *Random House.* Story about the migratory workers problem which Canada shares with the U. S. built around the sanguinary sit-in demonstration in Vancouver a couple years ago. While her individuals are lost in the crowd, the tale remains forceful because Miss Baird really uses the collective group as her subject, making it live as powerfully as a mighty, cornered animal instinctively conscious of its needs and the means of satisfying them.

HEROIC DUST, by Theodora Dehon. $2.50. *Macmillan.* Sugared tale of Royalist activity after the French Revolution based, according to the author, on authentic family memories. Feeble characterization: the brutal sans-culotte, the loyal peasant, the generous provincial nobles.

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CHECK LIST

MOMENT IN PEKING, by Lin Yutang. $3.00. *John Day.* Soft, smooth-running novel about modern China by the author of *The Importance of Living.* The two currents of vanishing imperial life and revolutionary resurgence run along side by side and through his new and old types, students, merchants, officials, contemporary China is made comprehensible.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOURS AND WAGES IN AMERICAN ORGANIZED LABOR, by Joseph M. Viau. $2.50. *Putnam.* Dull, documented compendium which sums up the major developments in the hour-and-wages struggle of American labor. Leo XIII, Mr. Viau notes, recognized that "capital . . . was long able to appropriate to itself excessive advantages; it claimed all the products and profits and left the laborer the barest minimum necessary to repair his strength and to ensure the continuation of his class."

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF EASTERN AND CENTRAL NORTH AMERICA, by Edward Howe Forbush and John Bichard May. Illustrated in color by Louis Agassiz Fuerte, Allan Brooks, and Roger Tory Peterson. $4.95. *Houghton Mifflin.* An attractive abridgment of the earlier three-volume work with notes on a hundred additional species. Text is informal and non-technical; illustrations are fine.

FLASH! Seeing the Unseen by Ultra-High-Speed Photography, by Harold E. Edgerton and James P. Killian, Jr. $3.00. *Hale, Cushman & Flint.* A collection of photographs taken with the Edgerton stroboscope which reveal varied aspects of the world of things too fast for the eye to see. Neither genuinely scientific nor an artistic compilation, the book is primarily interesting to see the potentialities of the stroboscope in research and industry.

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Recorded MUSIC

Wagner — Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg. Act III: (Victor Albums 537 and 538, $30.00). A remarkably vivid performance of Wagner's most genial score, attributable in great part to the endlessly perceptive flexibility of Karl Boehm's direction of the good Saxon State Orchestra with the Chorus of the Dresden Opera. Of the singers Eugen Fuchs is an excellent Beckmesser and Martin Kremer a good David, while the Walther of Thorsten Ralf is well above average and Hans Hermann Nissen's Sachs is commendable. Only Margarete Teschemacher (Eva) is vocally inadequate. The rich and distinct recording matches Boehm's mastery in the production of the most desirable of Wagner editions.

Mozart — Symphony No. 36, in C, 'Linz', K 425: (Columbia Album M-387, $5.50). One of the least (but this is Mozart) of the composer's later symphonies, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham with such unprecedented drive and brilliance as to confound judgment. Emphatically better than the good version of Fritz Busch, and recorded with modern fullness.

Mozart — Divertimento No. 17, in D, K 334: (Columbia Album M-379, $7.50). A long work, all of whose six movements — delightful if not played consecutively — are here recorded for the first time, in a spirited performance by the Lener Quartet with Aubrey and Dennis Brain (horns). Lener's violin is a little forward and a little shrill, but the other strings and the difficult horns are well managed by players and recordists.

Strauss — Ein Heldenleben: (Victor Album 610, $10.00). The mighty orchestral autobiography, splendid, contemptible, beautiful and tawdry, is munificently expressed by

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Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra at their best, with just a trifling whim of tempo here and there to serve as the Philadelphia signature. This version follows pretty closely the line of Mengelberg's celebrated performance (Victor Album 44) without the relentless pulse that makes the older interpretation matchless. But the new recording is so much better in detail and range that it must be preferred to the more dynamic performance.

Haydn — Symphony No. 104, in D, 'London': (Victor Album 617, $5.00). A strict but lively interpretation of one of Haydn's finest works by Edwin Fischer and his Chamber Orchestra, in a good average recording that supersedes the old one by John Barbirolli.

Ravel — Ma Mère l'Oye: (Columbia Album X-151, $3.50). The much older versions by Damrosch (Columbia Album 74) and Koussevitzky (Victor 7370–1), between which a choice is not easy, are better played and more smoothly recorded than the new disks by Howard Barlow and the CBS Orchestra.

Paderewski — Concerto in A Minor, Op. 17: (Victor Album 614, $8.00). A somewhat superior example of the kind of music written by virtuosi who are not essentially composers, with snapping pianistics intermixed with aimless tunes to form a harmless totality. It is brilliantly played by Jésus María Sanromá with a smart accompaniment from the Boston Pops Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler, in a recording satisfactory only when reproduced by an instrument with a good bass restorer.

Piston — Quartet No. 1: (Columbia Album M-388, $5.00). A ripe performance by the Dorian Quartet of a well constructed soporific. First-rate recording.

Pizzetti — Sonata in A: (Victor Album 615, $7.00). This has hardly the emotional profundity usually attributed to it, but it is a sound and interesting work for piano and violin, beautifully played by Hepzibah and Yehudi Menuhin, and recorded to the greatest advantage ever given these two instruments in concert. G.C.B.

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EDITED BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH

Feature Articles for February

Has Germany a 'Death Ray'?

ALBERT BRANDT

Rumors have been thick about Hitler's "secret weapons." What, for example, is the purpose of the "short-wave radio stations" being erected in all Germany's border regions—whose equipment resembles no radio apparatus familiar to experts?

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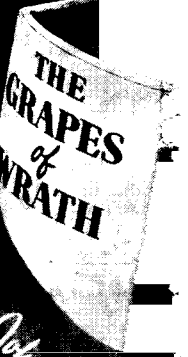

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